

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF
Politics, Science, Art and Literature

JOHN A. COOPER, EDITOR.

VOL. IX.

MAY, 1897, TO OCTOBER, 1897, INCLUSIVE.

Toronto :
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED.
1897.

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

MAY, 1897.

No. 1.

PREMIERS OF NOVA SCOTIA SINCE 1867.

By the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia.

WHEN the confederation scheme had been matured and was to go into operation on the first day of July, 1867, the last anti-confederation government of Nova Scotia was led by Doctor (afterwards Sir Charles) Tupper. He proposed, of course, to enter the Dominion arena, and it became necessary for him to select some person of prominence in public life to form a provincial administration to take charge of the affairs of Nova Scotia after confederation. He selected

HONOURABLE HIRAM BLANCHARD,

who at once proceeded to form an administration, in which the Hon. P. C. Hill became the Provincial Secretary, Hon. James McNab, Provincial Treasurer, Hon. Charles Allison, Commissioner of Mines and Works, and Hon. John McKinnon and Hon. Samuel Creelman as members without portfolio. This government was formed and sworn in on the 4th July, 1867.

Hiram Blanchard belonged to a numerous and highly respectable family in Nova Scotia. He was born in Pictou in the year 1820, educated at Pictou Academy, and called to the bar of Nova Scotia in 1843. He was first elected for Inverness for the House of Assembly in 1857, was re-elected in 1859 and again in 1863. He started public life as a Liberal and supporter of Mr. Howe, and continued a Liberal until the confederation agitation in

1864. On this question he followed Mr. A. G. Archibald, who was one of the delegates who framed the Quebec scheme, and was leader of the Opposition in the House of Assembly until the contest upon confederation broke up party lines.

This first administration, formed under Mr. Blanchard's leadership, had a short and inglorious career. At the general election, which took place on the 17th September, 1867, for both the House of Commons and the Provincial Legislature, the anti-confederate sentiment of the people, who had been aroused bitterly by having the Act of Confederation forced upon them against their expressed will, developed itself in an almost clean sweep for the anti-confederate party. Nova Scotia started with nineteen seats in the House of Commons. Dr. Tupper managed to save his seat in Cumberland by a bare majority of 97, while eighteen opponents of confederation were elected either by acclamation or by sweeping majorities. In the Provincial Legislature, which consisted of thirty-eight members, Mr. Blanchard was elected by a narrow majority for the county of Inverness, and Mr. H. G. Pineo, who ran as a supporter of the government, was elected in Cumberland. These were the only two seats carried by the government; the rest were carried by the Anti-confederates by substantial majorities.

Mr. Blanchard resigned in the early days of November, 1867. When the House met he was petitioned against. Contested elections were then determined by a committee of the House of Assembly—this was before the system of trying elections before judges was introduced. Mr. Blanchard was unseated, and at the bye-election he was defeated and remained in private life until the general elections of May, 1871, when he was again returned for the county of Inverness, and became leader of the Opposition in the Provincial House until his death in 1874.

Of course, Mr. Blanchard's administration had no opportunity of doing anything in the way of legislation, having never been able to meet the legislature as a government. Mr. Blanchard himself was an extremely handsome man, an able advocate and a gentleman of much personal popularity.

When Mr. Blanchard tendered the resignation of his government in the early days of November, 1867, the then Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Charles Hastings Doyle, called upon the Hon. R. A. McHeffey, a member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, to form an administration. Mr. McHeffey had been all his lifetime intimately identified with the Liberal party of Nova Scotia and was highly respected, but he occupied no conspicuous position at the time which marked him for political leadership. However, he undertook the task and called at once a meeting of the anti-confederate members of the Assembly and of the Legislative Council at Halifax, and an administration was formed under the leadership of the

HONOURABLE WILLIAM ANNAND,

who associated with himself at that time Hon. Martin I. Wilkins as Attorney-General, W. B. Vail, Provincial Secretary, Robert Robertson, Commissioner of Public Works and Mines, Hon. Messrs. R. A. McHeffey, J. C. Troop, E. P. Flynn and John Fergusson as members without office. William Annand was for a long time a conspicuous name in Nova Scotian affairs.

He was born at Halifax in 1808 and educated there. In 1837 he contested the county of Halifax in the Liberal interests as a colleague of Hon. Joseph Howe. This was Mr. Howe's first election. They were both elected and were associated together in the great political struggles of the next thirty years. Mr. Annand continued to represent Halifax in the Assembly of Nova Scotia until 1867. Howe, after running several elections in Halifax, went to Cumberland, and still later to Hants County. Mr. Annand was the editor and proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and when subsequently he left for England in May, 1875, his paper remained in charge of his son, Charles Annand, who died a little over two years ago while on a visit to England. Mr. Annand was a man of education and literary taste and an extremely shrewd, keen politician. Howe was impulsive, inclined to take extreme measures on occasions, and Annand was always believed to have exercised a most wholesome restraining influence. He was of the greatest possible aid and assistance to Mr. Howe in the struggle which ensued for responsible government in Nova Scotia. He edited Howe's "Speeches and Public Letters," which appear in two large volumes and which are of incalculable value, inasmuch as they have preserved in convenient and accessible form the whole record of the struggle for responsible government, and the brilliant speeches and incomparable public letters of Mr. Howe.

Mr. Annand, in accepting the leadership of the Government formed on the 7th November, 1867, took a seat in the Legislative Council, where he remained until his resignation on May 8th, 1875. In the Assembly the new Government had practically no opposition. Mr. Blanchard sat for one term and offered some criticisms, but he was unseated during the first term and a supporter elected in his place, so that Mr. H. G. Pineo, who was neither an aggressive politician nor a public speaker, had the field to himself. The main activities of the new administration were directed

toward achieving a repeal of the Union. A delegation was sent by this Government, consisting of Howe, Annand, Hon. J. C. Troop and Henry W. Smith who afterwards became Attorney-General and Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. These delegates spent some considerable time in England agitating for a repeal of the Union. Dr. Tupper went at the same time and combated their efforts which, as is very well known, were unsuccessful.

Mr. Howe, on failing to achieve his purpose, wrote an indignant protest couched in eloquent and scathing terms, and returned. Then followed the negotiations with Sir John Macdonald's Government which led to better terms and to Mr. Howe's accepting a seat in the Federal Government as Secretary of State. This led to the first rupture between Howe and Annand, and the estrangement was maintained without abating until Howe's death in the Government House, Halifax, in June, 1873.

A change of government took place at Ottawa in 1873, and in the autumn of 1874 the Hon. W. B. Vail was offered a seat in the Mackenzie Administration in place of Hon. Wm. Ross, who had been appointed Collector of Customs at Halifax. Mr. M. I. Wilkins, who had led the Government in the House of Assembly for the first four years of their term of office, had accepted the position of Prothonotary at Halifax, and the leadership of the House had then vested in Mr. Vail, who

led during the sessions of 1872, 1873 and 1874. It now became necessary to obtain a strong man to take Mr. Vail's place in the Assembly and lead the Government there. The Hon. Philip Carteret Hill has been already mentioned as having taken a seat in the Government of Mr. Blanchard in 1867, and of being defeated at the election of September 17th, 1867. Mr. Hill had been a Conservative and a supporter of Tupper's. He also was an advocate of Confederation during the first Assembly.

One of the Liberals elected for the House of Assembly for Halifax County, Mr. Jeremiah Northrup, had been elevated to a seat in the House of Commons, and at the by-election for this seat Mr. Hill had been an Opposition candidate and elected, and for part of one session sat in the Assembly and criticised the policy of the Administration. He was unseated, however, by a committee of the House by petition before the session had been finished. In the



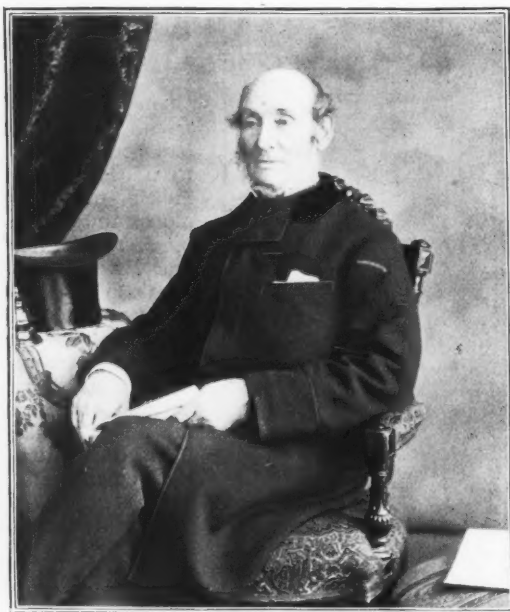
HON. HERAM BLANCHARD.

meanwhile events had tended to break down the differences between Mr. Hill and his opponents, and, as a consequence, he was offered by Mr. Annand the position of Provincial Secretary and leader of the House on the first day of December, 1874, which position he accepted, and was sworn in on that day, and contested Halifax as a member of the Annand Government. In the general election which took place in 1874 he was elected by an immense majority and the Government

was again sustained, although the Opposition became quite formidable in point of numbers.

In May, 1875, Mr. Annand retired from the Government to accept a position as Immigration Agent in London, which position he held for a number of years, and died in London in the year 1892, having reached an advanced period of life. On his retirement from the leadership the business of forming an administration was entrusted to the

HONOURABLE P. C. HILL.



HON. WILLIAM ANNAND.

Mr. Hill had for Attorney-General Hon. Daniel McDonald until November, 1875, when Mr. Otto S. Weeks accepted the place made vacant by McDonald's resignation, and he held the position until 1877, when Mr. A. J. White became Attorney-General, and the office of Commissioner of Crown Lands (which he then held) was merged in the Attorney-General's department where it has since remained. The

Hon. Stayley Brown was Treasurer of this administration until his death in December, 1877, when he was succeeded by the Hon. Robert Boak. Mr. R. Robertson was Commissioner of Public Works and Mines until 1877, when he resigned and Mr. Albert Gayton took his place. The members of Mr. Hill's Government without portfolio were Colin Campbell, John McKinnon, Edward Farrell and D. C. Fraser, the present member of the House of Commons for Guysboro, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Hill was a gentleman descended from one of the old families of Halifax, and was not only a man of education but of most cultivated manners. He was a brother of Rev. Dr. Hill, who for a long time was rector of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, and is now rector of a parish in England. Mr. Hill married a daughter of the late Hon. Enos Collins, who acquired a fortune of several millions in Nova Scotia, and whose son, Mr. B. H. Collins, is the possessor of one of the splendid old English estates near Tunbridge Wells, England. Mr. Hill was for three years Mayor of the City of Halifax. Among the acts of his administration was the creation of the University of Halifax, the aim being to consolidate in one impartial board of exam-

iners the conferring of university degrees for the whole province instead of having it vested in several small chartered colleges. This institution, which was adopted at the time, started favourably, but it died because the Government which succeeded it refused to appropriate any money to bear the expenses. Mr. Hill, after retiring from public life in Nova Scotia, went to England and resided near his brother-

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in-law, Mr. Collins, at Tunbridge Wells, and was conspicuously associated there with literary and religious work in the Old Country. He died only two or three years ago.

The fourth general election for the Provincial Assembly of Nova Scotia was held on the 18th September, 1878. By an arrangement between the Provincial and Dominion Governments the elections for the House of Commons of Canada and the Provincial elections of Nova Scotia were to be held on the same day. The result was a disastrous defeat for both. The Hill administration was absolutely annihilated. Only seven members out of a House of thirty-eight were elected. Mr. Hill himself was defeated and so was his Attorney-General, and the only member of the administration who escaped from the wreck was Mr. Albert Gayton, of Yarmouth. The Government tendered its resignation on the 15th October following, and the Lieutenant-Governor called upon the

HONOURABLE SIMON H. HOLMES

to form a new administration. Mr. Holmes was first returned to the Assembly in the elections of 1871, and he was a colleague on that occasion of the Hon. James McDonald, who afterwards became Minister of Justice of Canada, and, later, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.

Mr. Holmes was re-elected in the general elections of December, 1874, and was chosen by the Opposition members in that House to be leader; hence he became naturally the man whom the Governor, Sir Adams Archibald, would be bound to call upon to form a new administration. This task was speedily performed, Mr. J. S. D. Thompson becoming Attorney-General, Mr. Samuel Creelman Commissioner of Public Works and Mines. It has been already noted here that the Department of Crown Lands had been merged in the department of the Attorney-General, and it may also be noted that the position of Treasurer of the Province had been abolished by the Hill administration and the duties annexed to that of Provincial Secretary,

so that then, as now, there were only three departmental heads in the Provincial Government of Nova Scotia.

Mr. Simon H. Holmes is of Highland descent, being the son of Hon. John Holmes, who was one of the first Senators from Nova Scotia and had long been active in political matters in Pictou county. He was born in Pictou county in 1830, and educated at Pictou Academy. He was called to the bar of Nova Scotia in 1865, but instead of devoting himself to the practice of his



HON. P. C. HILL.

profession he became the editor of the Conservative organ at Pictou, the *Colonial Standard*. He contested Pictou county for the Provincial Legislature in 1867, but was defeated. He was returned in 1871, again in 1874 and now again in 1878.

The administration carried on under Mr. Holmes for four years was not a notable one. It had practically no opposition. Its revenues were limited and a policy of strictest economy had to be observed in every branch of the public service. Two important measures are to be placed to the credit of this administration—one was the act

for County Incorporations. Previous to 1879 the municipal control of the various counties of Nova Scotia was vested in the Sessions, that is meetings, of Justices of the Peace for the county presided over by the Custos Rotulorum. The desirability of having popular government by Municipal Counsellors duly elected by the people from time to time became manifest as time advanced, and the measure, although not adopted without considerable opposition, has been accepted now as a permanent and recognized feature of our institutions. The other measure, of a somewhat important and far-reaching character, was the act for the consolidation of the various railway lines in Nova Scotia not owned by the Government of Canada, and placing them in the hands of a syndicate, which syndicate was to extend them in various directions. The Government were to guarantee the interest upon five-and-a-half millions at five per cent. and they were to have a lien upon the profits of the railways. This scheme was carried through at the last session, 1882, at which the Government had control and created some considerable interest in Nova Scotia.

After the close of the session of 1882, and the general elections were in sight, there happened to be a vacancy in the office of Prothonotary of the Supreme Court at Halifax. The office is an easy one and being paid by fees gives a large income. Mr. Holmes chose to take this position. On his retirement the Lieutenant-Governor called upon

HONOURABLE JOHN S. D. THOMPSON

to form an administration, and left to him the responsibility of going to the country upon the record of the Government. Mr. Thompson asked Mr. A. C. Bell, who is now a member of the House of Commons for the county of Pictou, to take the office of Provincial Secretary, and thus re-constructed, the Government appealed to the country at the general election of June 20th, 1882. By an arrangement with the Dominion Government, then again under the leadership of Sir John A.

Macdonald, the Provincial elections in Nova Scotia were held upon the same day as the general election of the House of Commons of Canada.

A most singular result ensued. Nova Scotia had 21 seats in the House of Commons and 38 in the Provincial Legislature and the constituencies were the same. The difference in representation was due to the fact that for each county of Nova Scotia there are two members in the Provincial Legislature except Halifax and Pictou, each of which has three; and in the House of Commons each of the eighteen counties has one member with the exception of Halifax, Pictou and Cape Breton, which have two each. The party lines were clearly defined, and the same conventions which nominated candidates for the House of Commons named also candidates for the House of Assembly. The same committees worked during the campaign, and all day at the polls; precisely the same workers were carrying in voters for the Provincial and Dominion candidates alike; yet when the ballots were counted it was found that in the Dominion the Conservatives had carried 15 seats and the Liberals 6, whereas in the Provincial Legislature the Liberals had carried 23 seats and the Conservatives 15. To illustrate: the county of Digby sent Mr. John C. Wade to the House of Commons and sent two Liberals to the Provincial Assembly by large majorities; the county of Halifax sent two Conservatives to the House of Commons and two Liberals to the House of Assembly; the county of Cumberland sent a Conservative to the House of Commons by acclamation and elected one Liberal to the House of Assembly. Guysboro sent a Conservative to the House of Commons and two Liberals by substantial majorities to the House of Assembly; the county of Inverness sent a Conservative to the House of Commons and one Liberal to the House of Assembly; the county of Richmond sent a Conservative to the House of Commons and a Liberal to the House of Assembly; the county of Cape Breton sent two Con-

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servatives by large majorities to the House of Commons and two Liberals to the House of Assembly by still larger majorities. In the latter part of July Mr. Thompson sent in the resignation of his Government and himself, and accepted a seat upon the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia.

The Right Hon. Sir John S. D. Thompson, who afterwards became Minister of Justice and Prime Minister of Canada, has been so conspicuously of late before the public of Canada that it seems hardly necessary to make any special reference to his career. His administration lasted only a few weeks and of course accomplished nothing. He was at this time highly respected throughout Nova Scotia. It was not believed he possessed any eminent qualities of political leadership then, and he died too soon to make it clear whether he really possessed these qualities at all. Whatever achievements are to be put to his credit in Provincial politics must necessarily be as a member of Mr. Holmes' administration and not of his own.

When Mr. Thompson sent in his resignation in the latter part of July the Lieutenant-Governor called upon Mr. Albert Gayton to form an administration, he being the only Liberal member of the new parliament who had previously occupied a seat in the Executive. Mr. Gayton, who was a very excellent and worthy gentleman, very properly judged that he was not fitted to assume the duties



HON. S. H. HOLMES.

of leadership, and as a consequence, on being charged with the responsibility of forming an administration, he issued an invitation to all the members of both the Assembly and Legislative Council in sympathy with the Liberal party to meet with him at convention in Halifax. The Government then constructed was called into existence under the most extraordinary circumstances, in many respects, that ever characterized the forming of an administration under the British system. There had been no leader in the previous House, the Liberals being a band of only six or seven members and none of them possessing any qualities which suggested leadership. Most of the members elected were new to parliamentary duties. Among those who



RT.-HON. SIR JOHN S. D. THOMPSON.



HON. W. T. PIPES.

for the first time took their seat in any legislative body were Mr. Fielding, the present Minister of Finance, Mr. W. T. Pipes, Mr. W. F. McCoy, Mr. J. M. Mack, Mr. A. Haley, now M.P. for Hants, Mr. James A. Fraser and the writer. The consequence was that when the various members were gathered together one was as good as another, and what actually was done was the appointment of a committee to form a government. Under the British system one would have supposed that the course taken would have been to select some one in whom the rest had special confidence and entrust him with the duty of forming an administration; but this was not the course pursued. After deliberating for nearly two days the committee submitted a certain administration with one name naturally at the top of it, though they assigned to him no especial designation as Premier; but this arrangement having been submitted to some criticism in the general body, the members went back again and fixed up another one, at the head of which was placed the

HONOURABLE WILLIAM T. PIPES.

Mr. A. J. White was Attorney-General, Mr. C. E. Church, Provincial Secretary, and Mr. Albert Gayton Commissioner of Public Works, and several other gentlemen were members without office. This administration was sworn in on the 3rd day of August, 1882, and, though changes and modifications have taken place, this same administration may be said to be in existence to-day.

Mr. Pipes was a young lawyer, about 32 years of age, having been born in 1850, who had carried Cumberland county, which had long been considered the stronghold of Conservatism under the redoubtable leadership of Sir Charles Tupper. He had scarcely seen a legislature of any kind in session at the time he was called upon to assume the duties of leader of the Government, yet every person had confidence in his ability. He was a speaker of a great deal of force, had a fine, commanding presence and generally commanded the respect and confidence of all who knew him. His position was, of course, a very delicate one. He held no office and drew no salary, and yet he was called upon to give up a very considerable portion of his time for the public service. Without having sat in or seen a legislature, he was called upon on the first day to take the lead of the House and to deal with important public measures, including the question of the consolidation of the railways of Nova Scotia under the new syndicate and the disposal of the Eastern Extension Railway. Mr. Pipes retained his position till July 15th, 1884, when he found his duties as leader of the Government without office or salary, and residing 146 miles from the city of Halifax, quite intolerable. It is generally believed that he made every effort short of exercising his powers as Premier to induce one of the departmental officers to give up a place for him, but

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apparently without success, and, as a consequence, after the second session of the new legislature had been successfully passed, he resolved to lay down the burdens of office. Mr. Pipes conducted himself in his position as leader with great credit to himself and with an ability which gave promise of a splendid political career. Unfortunately for the Province, Mr. Pipes' tastes do not run very largely in the direction of political life. He is more concerned in his professional career, in which he has been eminently successful, and is now said to be a man of considerable wealth. As a consequence, at the end of his term which expired in 1886 he declined again to be a candidate, and has not since taken any active part in public life, although he is still a warm supporter of the Liberal party, and takes a prominent part on the public platform in the support of Liberal candidates in the county of Cumberland.

When Mr. Pipes tendered his resignation of the Government, July 15th, 1884, he recommended as his successor

real position of matters at that time was that the three departmental heads, while all of them most worthy men, were not politicians, and, while quite equal to attending to the details of their departments, were quite unable to inaugurate political policies or to adjust themselves to the constantly recurring changes in the situation. Both Mr. Fielding and Mr. Pipes felt it would be impracticable to go on unless some person of keen political instincts held a position in the Government in which the salary would be a recompense for the time and energies disposed upon the public service. When, therefore, Mr. Pipes sent his resignation to the Lieutenant-Governor he recommended Mr. Fielding as a suitable person to be called upon to form an administration.

Mr. Fielding accepted this task, but it is an open secret that he had some difficulty in arranging with his former colleagues about the positions. The only terms upon which Mr. Fielding was able to afford to take charge of the

HONOURABLE W. S. FIELDING.

Mr. Fielding was not originally a member of Mr. Pipes' Government as sworn in in August, 1882, but his usefulness as an executive adviser was so apparent to Mr. Pipes that he was offered and accepted a seat in the Executive without office on the 22nd December, 1882, and he remained a member of the Government until after the close of the session of 1884. Then he, too, felt that the duties devolving upon him as Executive Counsellor without office exacted more of his time and attention than could be spared from his position as editor-in-chief of the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, and he intimated to Mr. Pipes his intention of resigning. The



HON. W. S. FIELDING.



HON. GEO. H. MURRAY.

administration was by having one departmental office at his disposal, and none of the members holding these offices seemed disposed to retire. After several days spent in negotiations Mr. Fielding announced the new Government, of which he was himself the Provincial Secretary and President of the Council, Mr. White remaining Attorney-General, and Mr. Church, who had been Provincial Secretary, taking the position of Commissioner of Public Works and Mines in place of Mr. Gayton, who retired from the Government. His place was taken by the writer of this article, and that was the only change in the personnel of the administration at that time. At the end of the parliamentary term in May, 1886, Mr. White was offered and accepted the position of Registrar of Deeds at Halifax, and then the writer was offered and accepted the portfolio of Attorney-General. Mr. Fielding's administration lasted until the 17th day of July last, when he tendered his resignation in order to accept the position

of Minister of Finance in Mr. Laurier's administration. Mr. Fielding's Premiership extends, therefore, to a period covering more than twelve years. In 1886 at the general election the Government was sustained by an overwhelming majority, carrying 29 seats to 9. In 1890 it was again sustained by a majority equally large. In 1894 it was again sustained 26 to 12, and since then there have been changes until now the supporters of the Government number 28 and the opponents 10.

The record of Mr. Fielding's Administration has been one of constant activity in both administration and legislation. The Judiciary Act has been brought into operation; a new Franchise Act of a more extended character has been carried through Parliament;

a system of building all the large provincial bridges of stone and iron on capital account was inaugurated under the Pipes Administration, and has been carried on since until nearly one and a half millions of money has been expended in building great bridges in Nova Scotia, and probably, take it all in all, the rivers of Nova Scotia are spanned by the finest series of bridges that can be found on the continent of America. The Provincial revenues have been steadily increasing owing to the larger output of coal and other minerals. The legislation by which the Whitney Coal Syndicate were induced to take hold of the coal mines of Cape Breton was among the most notable and important of the successes which Mr. Fielding achieved under his régime. Imprisonment for debt was abolished; the Towns' Incorporation Act was adopted; the Mechanics' Lien adopted; a system of compulsory arbitration, to prevent strikes and lockouts in connection with mining, was inaugu-

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rated, and appears to be almost the first of that class of legislation which any legislative body has had the courage to adopt; and a great many other reforms have been achieved, which would not be of special interest to the general reader.

Mr. Fielding was born in November, 1838, entered the *Morning Chronicle* office at an early date in the humble capacity of office boy, but by his general brightness and ability worked himself up to the position of editor-in-chief. He was elected to the Assembly for the first time in Halifax in 1882, by a very narrow majority. He was re-elected in 1886 and 1890 by very large majorities, and in 1894 by a majority of two or three hundred. When he accepted the position of Minister of Finance, Mr. F. G. Forbes, M.P., retired from the Dominion House of Commons and placed his seat at his disposal, to which he was elected by acclamation on August 8th last. Mr. Fielding, on retiring from the Government in July last, recommended to the Lieut.-Governor as his successor the

HONOURABLE GEORGE H. MURRAY, who himself took the position of Provincial Secretary made vacant by the retirement of Mr. Fielding. He made no change in the personnel of his administration except that the Hon. Messrs. McGillivray, Roche and Black

were sworn in members without office, there being one or two vacancies in the Government.

Mr. Murray was born at Grand Narrows, C.B., and is a member of the Nova Scotia bar. He contested Cape Breton for the House of Assembly in 1886 and was defeated, did the same for the House of Commons in 1887 and was also defeated. He also contested Cape Breton for the House of Commons in 1891 and was defeated. In 1890 he was appointed a member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia. In 1891 he became a member of the Government of Nova Scotia, and was appointed leader of the Legislative Council. In January, 1896, he resigned his seat in the Government and in the Legislative Council to oppose Sir Charles Tupper in the county of Cape Breton, where he was again defeated. As already stated, he was recommended, in July last, by Mr. Fielding, as his successor in the Premiership of the Province, and before this article appears shall have won or lost his first general election.

Mr. Murray is a young man, and has not until now had an opportunity of making a record in constructive statesmanship, but his personal popularity, his excellent judgment and his inflexible integrity give him at this present moment a very strong place in the confidence and esteem of the people of Nova Scotia.

J. W. Longley.



A THOUGHT OF DEATH.

A SLEEP—and yet, a sleep that hath an end,
An end, that rest o'ertaking,
(Though bone and fibre with our earth-bed blend,
The dormant soul forsaking).

A sleep—yet through the sleep, a sense of fear,
An awful half-life making,
A dread, increasing countless year by year,
The dread of an awaking.

Reginald Gourlay.

DREAMS OF GENIUS.

With Three Special Sketches.

I.

THE afternoon was hot enough to call for a full enjoyment of the breeze that rippled the lake-like expanse of the Upper Ottawa. Farther up past the little lumbering town, the seething of the rapids appeared a gleaming mass of whiteness. All their fierce unrest seemed calmed by distance; motionless, as though some "daughter of earth and water," gliding down from its careless companions in cloudland, had touched lightly upon either shore and embraced the parent stream. The low monotony which filled but did not disturb the golden air of August, scarcely dispelled the illusion. And the long lines of hills upon the Northern shore—that half-naked Laurentian foundation which protrudes above Earth's superstructure—added its sublime boldness to the scene.

Upon the southern shore flourished a small grove of oaks and pines; noble trees that in days past had somehow been preserved from the devastating axe of the lumberman. Near the edge of this wood, where the pebbled beach began, lay a huge log, swept between the roots of two giant oaks by some spring flood. There it had remained bleached and cracked. Just where it touched a slanting oak its upper surface was smooth and flattened, so that one found no uncomfortable seat amid the shaded seclusion.

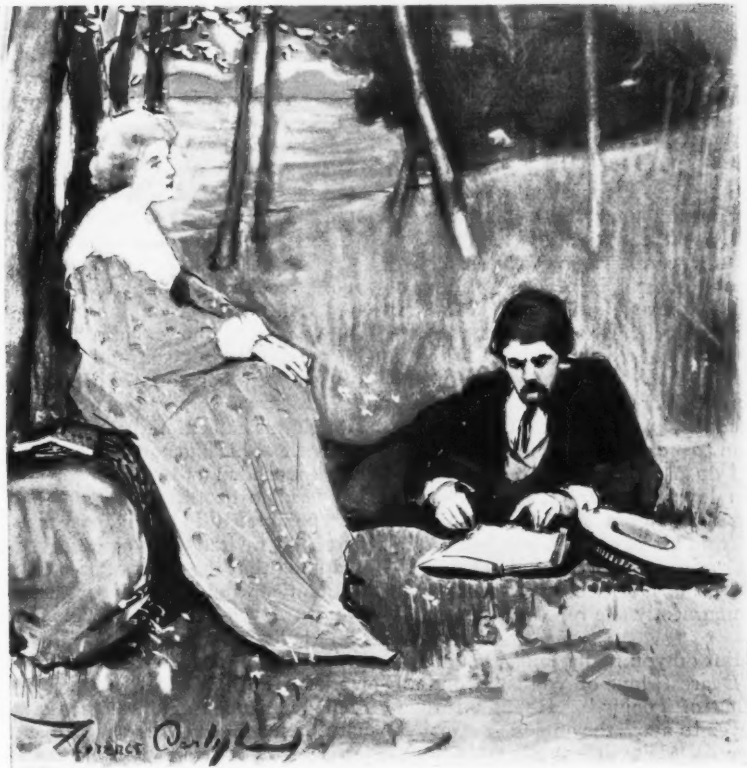
To-day this heaven of nature's was not without its attendant divinity. A girl dressed in soft green was upon the rustic throne, seated like a dryad beneath her parent tree. One foot was crossed lightly above the other, while her slender hands clasped themselves before the knee. Her head, covered only with its reddish-gold hair, rested back dreamily against the tree-trunk, throwing into prominence the delicate chin and white slender neck. Upon the log lay her discarded hat and a

book. Not the kind you or I read last summer, but an old-fashioned tale of love. This nymph in dress of clinging green had no thought for "New Woman" literature.

Suddenly her head moved forward. The half drooping lids were raised from the eyes of brown. The young man lying upon the ground had looked up to ask some question upon the poem he was reading to her. His voice had been mingled with the sweet poetry of nature—around her and within her. Its music was a new note in the choir to which, all her life, she had been listening. How much fuller now seemed its sweetness, who can tell? But it was to Nature's Singer, not to the poet's interpreter, that she had been listening. The low monotony of the stream's music and the glad song of birds meant far more for her than the abrupt periods of Browning's dramatic monologue.

"Ye-s," came at length, her smiling hesitant reply, a faint blush at being caught inattentive giving a fresh charm to her features.

Without further comment the reader resumed. For the moment his fair auditor followed more closely. To-day, Browning seemed to interest her very little. Taking a pencil from the folds of her garb, this modern nymph proceeded to sketch the young man's profile upon the fly-leaf of her book. The forehead, partly hidden by the loose dark hair, was high and straight, but the heavy eyebrows which almost met above the nose protruded rather gloomily. The chin and moving lips did not express the force suggested by the upper features. But beneath the idealizing stroke of love's pencil, the face became handsome and altogether pleasing. That glow of poetic warmth, kindled for the moment from contact with the flame of genius, had other significance for the young artist. She saw the impassioned face of the lover, who, but a



"Seated like a dryad beneath her parent tree."

few nights since, had told her of his heart's yearning. With a tender touch of the pencil, she completed the portrait. It was their last hour together, and a sigh escaped her that his glowing eyes and his lips now spoke of other things. What could this tale of an old Italian Master's misplaced love have to do with her living joy?

He finished the poem and laid the volume upon the carpet of dry pine needles. A deeper blush than before mounted to the temples of the girl as she closed hastily her book to hide the portrait; but the whilom reader was looking up the river. "Poor Adrea del Sarto," he said aloud, though he did not seem particularly to address his companion. "How many a genius has shared his fate? A spirit aspiring

to a place among Time's immortals held down by an earth-chilled soul."

"But then Adrea knew that Lucrezia did not love him," said the girl quietly, interrupting what might have remained, like the poem, a monologue.

Howard Roughurst had been reading Daudet as well as Browning. Smile if you will, but the pictured failures of "Wives of men of Genius" had been impressed upon his mind with just a suspicion of personal directness.

"Yes, I know that, but even had she proved devotion itself, mere wifely love could be small inspiration. The 'Faultless Painter' has summed up his own life's failure, and that of many others, in those sad, regretful words:

You don't understand
Nor care to understand about my art.

The damper of affection may keep the fire of genius from becoming more than a smouldering ash."

Very often, in its narrow sufficiency, the talent of youth mistakes its borrowed light for the divine flame itself. That Roughurst, with his poetic and introspective temperament, had fallen into such an error did not mark him as being the most vain of his race.

"Do you really think that, Howard?" and they were serious eyes that looked down in questioning. The pleading of the face above him rebuked ambition. Raising himself upon his elbow he carried her hand to his lips.

"What matters it, Queen Esther; no one thinks me a genius." He said it moodily, as though youth had already begun to meet its disillusioning doubts.

"I do and others shall," she answered in loving pride, yet half sadly, as her gentle fingers brushed back the hair from his temples. In those three weeks of constant communion his fondest dreams had become as her own. Then earnestly she repeated her question.

"But do you really think that?"

"Dearest, love of you is beyond all dreams of genius." He had turned his eyes to avoid the anxious searching of hers. "Why it's nearly train time, Esther!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch and rising to his feet. And then one of love's sharpest arrows put to rout that mischievous imp of ambition who had been masquerading under the guise of genius.

Seating himself upon the log, he drew tenderly toward him the yielding form, until the bright head rested against his shoulder. In that lingering embrace both forgot the doubts that had so perversely asserted themselves.

II.

It was an hour since the shriek of the locomotive from across the river had told Esther Wood of her lover's departure. In no very cheerful mood she sat in the big rocker behind the shading creepers of the manse verandah. Never before had she felt the

desire to leave the house to which they had come from the Old Land fifteen years before—a bright-haired lass of four and her widowed father. Since then she had had few companions besides the old housekeeper and the quiet, white-haired minister, who had been father, mother and tutor to her. The village folk thought her serious and old-fashioned; very different from their blithe Canadian children. Yet she was a child in her untried simplicity. Occasionally she had accompanied her father to Assembly meetings in Ottawa, and one or another of the larger cities; but she had come back content with her country life.

This was changed since Howard Roughurst had entered her little circle. An uncle of his had come recently to the neighbourhood as manager for a large lumbering concern, and Howard, having just completed his university course, had been invited upon a month's visit. Thinking that the quiet of country surroundings would prove conducive to literary development, the young man had gladly availed himself of this invitation before entering upon newspaper work in the fall. But the budding of genius had been grievously interfered with by his first visit to the manse.

Hitherto, together with her filial devotion, an almost passionate love for nature had been dominant in Esther's life. But now very full of a shy joy grew her heart, as she awoke to a sense of a new power in nature's widening realm. And since Howard had declared his love for her, it seemed as though she held focussed within her own soul the light of all those joyous beauties which the years had revealed to her in field and river, mountain and wood. But a timid reserve prevented a full committal of her feelings to her lover. Seldom, indeed, in the first glow of emotion does thought adapt to it adequate expression. Not yet could her untried voice sing aloud the inner music. Nor did she ever dream that her feelings were such as might prompt poetic utterance. Roughurst lamented, at times, that so little appreciation should be shown for the

poems which he had read to her. Thus, momentary misgivings had asserted themselves, which he had not been able altogether to hide.

To the sensitive mind of the girl these now appealed more forcibly than they had to him. The young man upon the rushing train saw only the image of a sweet girl-face—the memory of soft tones and a gentle caress filled him with happy misery. Not so blissful was the unrest of the maiden upon the vine-covered verandah. Lying upon the wide window-sill was the volume of Browning. The sight of it had recalled the doubts of the early afternoon.

"Oh, Howard!" her heart cried, "I am not like that hateful Lucrezia. I love you and I try to understand."

The imp, that in the guise of genius had fled from the darts of love, was not yet through with mischief. It was revenging itself upon its conqueror by employing love's very voice to disturb this daughter of Eve in her heart's paradise.

"And he said my love was more than all the dreams of genius—oh! I know you love me, Howard. But you have your ambitions, too—I have only love. Must I give it up for them? Do you want me to?" Cruel tears burned her cheeks as love argued with itself and pleaded with its absent beloved. Reaching for the book, she turned to the familiar poem. Her eyes fell upon a passage which, with one or two others, had been marked in pencil:

"But had you—oh! with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind;
Some women do so—"

What else could she think, but that he had marked it for her to read and apply? With a passion of sobbing, strange indeed to her gentle disposition, she let fall the book from her knee.

"Oh, Howard! how cruel, how wrong! What right had you to make

me give you my love? You never have loved me." Then the thought of how his impassioned pleading had overcome her maidenly reserve, and called forth words of confessed feeling, filled her with pain and confusion. Each remembered kiss seemed a brand of shame.

The note which she placed, late that night, in the envelope whose arrival Howard was awaiting with all a lover's happy impatience read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Roughurst,

I must thank you for your kindness in leaving me your volume of Browning. I shall keep it as a reminder of an idle dream's awakening. I trust that, unfettered by any ties of affection, the flight of genius may be a lofty one.

Yours sincerely,
Esther B. Wood."

If only Howard Roughurst could have guessed how love outweighed pride in that wounded maiden-heart after this one outbreak of offended dignity, or how anxiously she hoped for some word from him! But her note remained a cruel enigma. Of the marked passage he had no remembrance; it was the result of a first reading, months before he had met Esther. Pride forbade his asking any explanation of a timid girl's penning, what seemed the sarcasm of an embittered woman.

III.

It was half-an-hour before her Friday evening "At Home," and Mrs. Arthur Chisholm was engaged in making those last decorative touches to the drawing-room which are all-important to the feminine eye. At last, the tea-roses in the Japanese bowls upon the mantle drooped exactly as they ought. A silk drape having been twisted three-quarters of an inch farther to the right, to make it look less stiff, as she said, the little lady patted it approvingly, and with a sigh of satisfaction turned to her companion.

"There, now, I think that's all right."

"The room looks very beautiful, I am sure," said the person addressed, a

girl of about twenty-two, who, though not above medium height, looked quite stately in her gown of creamy white, beside her diminutive hostess.

"I'm so glad you think so; I do want this evening to be a success. It is not every night Ottawa has such a distinguished guest as 'Laurentia,' authoress and illustrator of 'Song's Awakening, and Other Poems,' and the little dame made a merry curtsey to her guest.

"What unkind irony, Mrs. Chisholm," said the girl brightly, making light of the laughing compliment; "I am sure I expect to be overawed by the assembled talent. I daresay I shall be speechless all evening from an attack of country shyness at the sight of so many

senators and members of parliament."

"Don't be too humble, child," was the matronly injunction, "it is not expected in a poetess." Then hearing the clock chime in the hallway, she said, "I wonder why 'Canad' has not come yet."

"Who is this 'Canad,' Mrs. Chisholm?"

"My dear girl, you don't mean you are in ignorance of the name of the man who wrote that splendid review of your poems? How stupid; did I never tell you?"

"I think not, I have heard only his *nom de plume*."

"Why, Howard Roughurst is his every-day appellation. I'm sure you will like him ever so much. He is the

most brilliant journalist in the gallery, so Arthur says." The dictum of her spouse in matters literary—he was a shareholder in a Toronto publishing concern—was final with Mrs. Chisholm.

"I met Mr. Roughurst nearly three years ago," said the girl quietly, her face almost hidden by the profusion of the blossoms, as she bent over a large vase of roses upon the table beside her.

"Well, I declare!" Mrs. Chisholm was a consummate planner of matches—or considered herself so—and it did seem too bad that she was not to be instrumental in bringing about the first meeting between her young protégé and her most appreciative critic.



"Lying upon the wide window-sill was the volume of Browning."



"You needn't stare at me as though I were a ghost—or a dream of genius."

Esther's laugh was a trifle forced. "Does Mr. Roughurst know who 'Laurentia' is?" she enquired suddenly.

"Why, no—not unless you have told him yourself. He doesn't even know why I asked him to call early."

"Was it to meet me?" exclaimed the girl.

"Of course, whom else?"

"Oh, but he must not think that, please Mrs. Chisholm. Couldn't I—" and stopping in her dismay she laid

her hand appealingly upon the arm of her friend. That lady was growing interested.

"Couldn't you—what, my dear?"

"Stay upstairs until the crowd comes."

"Nonsense! Why, here he is now;" and Howard Roughurst was ushered into the room. Bowing to his hostess, he stopped in surprise at the sight of her companion. The blush that tinged suddenly the girl's temples lost itself as quickly beneath their aureole of

bright hair. She bowed calmly as she bade him "good evening," and extended her hand to him. With less composure he returned the salutation.

"Why, Esther, are you acquainted with Mr. Roughurst?" exclaimed volatile Madame in feigned surprise. "How nice! Then I shall leave you to chat together while I run up and see Arthur—he's sure to want a collar-button, or something. I did want to consult you about that walking party, Mr. Roughurst, but we can do that another time."

Left alone with her recent critic and former lover, Esther felt that her self-possession was in danger of deserting her. He was far from regaining his.

"Won't you be seated, Mr. Roughurst?"

"Ah! thank you, Miss Wood;" and they took up positions at a safe distance. Each was noting the change of years in the other. She admitted to herself that a beard had added to the strength and symmetry of Howard's face, and that somehow the dark brows did not overhang so gloomily as disillusioned memory pictured them. He felt that this calm dignity enhanced her girlish beauty, but—well, he thought with a heart-ache of the timid grace of one whom he had called "Queen Esther" nearly three years before.

"You are engaged in literary work, I suppose, Mr. Roughurst!" she was saying. He coloured slightly, as he answered with assumed lightness: "Oh, yes, I am still a literary hack!"

Things were too miserably uncomfortable. Howard rose in desperation and stood in front of her. Three years in the world of journalism had done much to dispel over-sensitive pride as well as to dissipate dreams of genius.

"Esth—Miss Wood!" he began impetuously, "I know I acted like a conceited ass that day, but I thought we parted—friends, you know, and really, I can't imagine what I did to—" He paused and looked at her distressedly.

"To make me write that note?" she said, raising her brown eyes in disdainful enquiry.

"Yes," he replied, and waited for her to continue. Feeling that he had bungled at step number one, he was resolved to leave the second for her.

"Perhaps you remember Browning's 'Adrea del Sarto'?" She was doing bravely, indeed, but her eyes had dropped again, and her fingers were tangling the fringe of Mrs. Chisholm's Indian sofa-cushion.

"Yes, and some of my extremely high-flown comments. But I thought we had both let all that drop when we, er—said good-bye."

"And the book you left?"

"Well, what—?"

"And those carefully marked passages?"

"Marked?"

"Yes, so kindly, for my special perusal," and Esther looked up and with a fine hauteur that was decidedly queenly. The fact of 'Canad' the critic, having publicly credited 'Laurentia' with genius made this indifference which she was now displaying toward her lover of girlhood days nothing short of triumphant.

"For you? There has been some horrible mistake, Esther. I'm sure I marked nothing."

"You must have," she protested, but the cushion fringe was becoming more hopelessly entangled, and the note of disdain in her faltering tones had grown very faint indeed.

"For Heaven's sake, Esther, what do you mean?"

He had seated himself beside her upon the sofa, and in his earnestness was grasping her hands.

"Didn't you intend me to apply those half-dozen lines ending:

'Had you, with these the same, but brought a
mind
Some women do—'?"

While making this last effort at accusation she tried to free her hands from his.

"No, I did not," he said, tightening his grasp; then demanded: "Do you believe me or not?" It was his time to assume something of the tone of injured virtue.

"Yes; I—I was silly," she faltered. The door-bell was announcing the arrival of other guests. "Let us walk through to the library," said the young man, loosening tenderly the hands that no longer sought for their release.

"You must not keep 'Laurentia' long away from the drawing-room" was the injunction merrily given to the young journalist by his hostess, who had entered from the hall just as they reached the library doorway. "I suppose she has been complimenting you upon your critical acumen—, that's the proper term is it not?"

Esther tightened her fingers nervously upon her companion's arm as they passed the *portière*.

"'Laurentia'?" he exclaimed, stopping and gazing at her in puzzled dismay.

"Yes, 'Canad,'" she replied, in amused concern at his discomfiture. You needn't stare at me as though I

were a ghost—or a dream of genius," she added archly. Her laughing words brought to him the strange irony in the contrast between his published tribute to her talents and the mischief-working egotism of his boyish utterances.

"I have been an unmitigated idiot," he asserted with excusable vehemence, then asked humbly: "Esther, *can* you care at all for me, now?—even a little, as a goddess might a—" To just what, in his humility, he would have likened himself she did not permit him to say.

For a moment, the long lashes upon their trembling lids had almost touched her cheek; but now her eyes sought his. He saw in them no trace of pride or disdain, but, instead, the full love of that other Esther—his girl-queen.

"Dearest!" and he heard her repeating with sweet earnestness his own words of three years past, "Love of you is beyond all dreams of genius."

Stambury R. Tarr.

MAY.

OH! favoured month of all the glad, sweet spring!
 So fair and bright,
 Exhaling perfumes which the flowers bring,
 Diffusing light.

Season when lovers, filled with life and love,
 Whisper their vows,
 And noisy birds repeat them from above
 'Mid flow'ry boughs.

With soft, green sward beneath, and overhead
 An azure sky,
 The brooklet rippling o'er its rocky bed
 As it goes by.

The mother bird rejoicing builds her nest
 To fill with young,
 Her mate makes music sweet, to cheer her rest,
 The boughs among.

With blossoms, birds, and brooks and bright warm sun
 How rich thou art!
 Of thine effulgence give to every one
 An ample part.

Daisy Sinclair.



FROM A PHOTO.

QUEBEC HOUSE, WESTERHAM, IN WHICH WOLFE'S BOYHOOD WAS SPENT.

A VISIT TO THE BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES WOLFE, THE CONQUEROR OF QUEBEC.

BY J. C. WEBSTER, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., F.R.S.E., MONTREAL.

ALL Canadians know the name of the conqueror of Quebec ; many have read the memorable story of his death ; few have heard of the place of his birth or are acquainted with the history of his short life.

It is remarkable that there is much uncertainty as to the birth-time or birth-place of some of the world's greatest men. This is even the case with some who have figured in comparatively recent times. As regards the Duke of Wellington, for instance, there has been much dispute, some holding that he was born in Westmeath county, others that the event occurred in Merion Square, Dublin ; then, it is not certain whether he was born in March, April or May, 1769.

Recently, also, some doubts have been raised regarding the accuracy of

the long-held belief as to the birthplace of the great naval hero, Horatio Nelson.

For a long time, likewise, there was a vigorous dispute as to the place in which the subject of this sketch was born, it being held by many that the honor belonged to the city of York.

Now, however, there is no difference of opinion, for it has been definitely established that Wolfe was born in the little village of Westerham, in Kent, in 1727.

At the present day this place possesses many of the features which characterized it in the beginning of the last century. It has not felt the stir of the busy industrial life of England, but has lived a vegetative, rural existence in the midst of the pleasant, fertile farmlands of North Kent. The surrounding country is rich in natural

beauty and in historic interest. Not many miles away is Tunbridge Wells, the famous watering-place, filled with memories of John Evelyn, Charles II., Nell Gwynne; and, later, of Beau Nash, Dr. Johnson, Richardson, Davy Garrick and Lord Chesterfield. The life of this resort in the last century has been vividly portrayed by Thackeray in "The Virginians."

In the neighbourhood are many famous country-seats, among which may be specially noted the following: Penshurst, the ancient home of the Sidneys; Erridge, the seat of the historic Neville family; Hever, the birthplace of Anne Boleyn.

The Wolfe family had no Kentish association. Colonel Wolfe, the father of the hero, was born in the north of England, and had moved to Westerham only a few months before the birth of his son. His ancestors belonged to Ireland, that nursing-ground of soldiers, where, at the present day, many representatives of the family are to be found, especially in Cork, Limerick and Tipperary counties.

When Colonel Wolfe arrived in Westerham, along with his newly-married wife, a Yorkshire lady, he settled in the Vicarage, where James was born. The house is still in use, and the little room in which the hero first saw the light is open to inspection. The family did not remain there long, but moved to a larger residence when the infant was only a few weeks old. This place, now known as "Quebec House," was Wolfe's home for twelve years. It was a quaint, gabled Elizabethan manor-house, with old-fashioned, low-roofed apartments, a wainscotted hall and gloomy corridors. The attic is a maze of small, irregular rooms, dark and crooked passages, and mysterious recesses, through which, one can well imagine, the sensitive boy often rambled, giving free play to his active imagination. Here, also, was born another son, Edward, who afterwards became a soldier out of love for his elder brother.

On a low eminence near Quebec House is the village church in which Wolfe was baptized. It is a plain



FROM A PHOTO.

WESTERHAM PARISH CHURCH IN WHICH WOLFE WAS BAPTIZED.

Gothic structure, five or six hundred years old. Inside is a marble tablet, erected by several gentlemen of Westerham in memory of the general some years after his death, and inscribed with the following unpoetic verse :

"Whilst George in sorrow bows his laurel'd head
And bids the Artist grace the Soldier dead ;
We raise no sculptured trophy to this name,
Brave youth ! the fairest in the list of fame ;
Proud of thy birth, we boast the auspicious year,
Struck with thy fall, we shed a general tear ;
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,
And from thy matchless honor date our own."

But the most interesting feature of Westerham is Squerryes Court, a fine old manor-house, dating back to the time of Charles II., the home of an old Kentish family, the Wardes, who have given many brave soldiers to the British army. Through the courtesy of the present proprietor I was enabled to make a thorough examination of the many rare treasures and relics which the house contains.

Wolfe's family were on terms of intimacy with the Warde household, and to this association is to be attributed the fact that Squerryes Court is the chief repository of the most precious memorials of the hero. His boy friends and playmates were John and George Warde, the sons of the proprietor of that day ; their playground, the beautiful park in which the house is situated. In the gardens near the house is a column, surmounted by an urn, erected by the Squerryes family some years after Wolfe's death, to mark the spot on which he stood one day during his Christmas vacation, in 1741, when the King's commission to his first position in the army was placed in his hands. At the base of the column are the following lines :

"Here first was Wolfe with martial ardour fired,
Here first with glory's brightest flame inspired ;
This spot so sacred will for ever claim
A proud alliance with its hero's name."

Squerryes Court contains two portraits of Wolfe. One of these represents him at the age of fifteen, in the

scarlet uniform of an ensign in the Twelfth regiment of Foot. It is a full-face picture and shows a frank and pleasant countenance, the eyes being particularly bright and full of expression. The other portrait is by Benjamin West, and is a copy from the large composition picture of this artist, representing the death of Wolfe. It was executed to the order of the proprietor of Squerryes near the end of the last century. Shortly before my visit last year, Colonel Warde, in looking through some old family papers, found the receipt given by West to his ancestor for the money paid for this portrait, amounting to something over twenty-nine pounds sterling.

So far as is known, the former of these portraits is the only one painted from the life by a professional artist, all the others, which are to be found in England, having been made after Wolfe's death.

One of the best known of these is that painted by Schaak, now in the National Portrait Gallery in London, a gift of the King of the Belgians. It is based upon a profile sketch, made at Quebec by Captain Smith, one of the General's aides-de-camp, a few days before the fall of the fortress. This interesting drawing is in the possession of the United Service Club. Very recently the Pym family, who live in the neighbourhood of Westerham, discovered a painting of Wolfe believed to have been done by Gainsborough. It is unsigned, as is the case with all the great works of this master, and is consequently difficult to authenticate.

A well-painted portrait of Wolfe's mother also hangs in the Squerryes collection. It represents her as a young, good-looking woman, with a face expressive of great kindness of heart, balanced judgment and firmness of character.

One of the most interesting possessions of the house is the collection of her famous son's letters, written to her at various periods of his life. The handwriting is in most cases plain and easily read. Many of them are extremely interesting, two of them in

particular attracting my attention. One of these written at Inverness on his twenty-fifth birthday runs as follows :

"The winter wears away, so do our years, and so does life itself; and it matters little where a man passes his days and what station he fills, or whether he be great or considerable; but it imports him something to look to the manner of life. This day am I five-and-twenty years of age, and all that time is as nothing. When I am fifty (if it so happens) and look back, it will be the same, and so on to the last hour. But it is worth a moment's consideration that we may be called away on a sudden, unguarded and unprepared; and the oftener these thoughts are entertained, the less will be the dread or fear of death. You will judge by this sort of discourse that it is the dead of night, when all is quiet and at rest, and one of those intervals wherein men think of what they really are, and what they really should be; how much is expected and how little performed. Our short duration here, and the doubts of hereafter, should awe and deter the most flagitious, if they reflected on them. The little time taken in for meditation is the best employed in all their lives; for if the uncertainty of our state and being is then brought before us, and that compared with our course of conduct, who is there that won't immediately discover the inconsistency of all his behaviour and the vanity of all his pursuits? And yet, we are so mixed and compounded that though I think seriously this minute, and lie down with good intentions, it is likely I may rise with my old nature, or perhaps with the addition of some new impertinence, and be the same wandering lump of idle errors that I have ever been."

The last letter he ever wrote to his mother is also of interest :

"BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

"31st August, 1759.

"DEAR MADAM.

"My writing to you will convince you that no personal evils, worse than defeats and disappointments, have fallen

upon me. The enemy puts nothing to risk, and I can't in conscience put the whole army to risk. My antagonist has wisely shut himself up in inaccessible entrenchments, so that I can't get at him without spilling a torrent of blood, and that perhaps to little purpose.

"The Marquis de Montcalm is at the head of a great number of bad soldiers, and I am at the head of a small number of good ones that wish for nothing so much as to fight him; but the wary old fellow avoids an action, doubtful of the behaviour of his army. People must be of the profession to understand the disadvantages and difficulties we labour under, arising from the common natural strength of the country. I wish you much health, and am, dear Madam,

"Your obedient and affectionate son,

James Wolfe.

Throughout his life Wolfe was in the most intimate sympathy with his mother. She had great influence with him and was consulted by him in all the interests of his life. Much of her energy was spent in the boy's early years, in curbing his fiery spirit, but she was unable to prevent him from joining the army as a volunteer before he was fourteen years of age. As he was about to sail with the Cartagena expedition under Lord Cathcart, he was deeply touched by his mother's sorrow and solicitude, for he wrote to her in the following terms :

"... Very sorry, dear Mamma, that you doubt my love, which I'm sure is as sincere as ever any son's was to his mother... I will certainly write to you... by every ship I meet, because I know it is my duty. Besides, if it was not, I would do it out of love, with pleasure... but, pray, dear Mamma, if you love me, don't give yourself up to fears for us. I hope, if it please God, we shall soon see one another, which will be the happiest day that ever I shall see."

Fortunately for Wolfe, he did not,

after all, accompany this disastrous expedition. His enthusiasm was checked by an attack of illness, and he was forced to remain at home.

It is interesting to note, in pass-

thus becoming sole heir to the Virginian property and to a position of independence.

Wolfe's mother endeavoured unsuccessfully to regulate her son's love affairs for several years.

At the age of twenty-one he became attached to a daughter of Sir Wilfred Lawson, of Ivell, a maid of honour to the Princess of Wales. He wooed her for several years, but she did not return his affection, causing him much unhappiness. Mrs. Wolfe endeavoured to wean him from this attachment, and tempted him with several of her favourites, in particular urging him to devote his attention to a Miss Hoskins, a Croydon heiress, worth thirty thousand pounds. Wolfe was, however, proof against her efforts and could not be led into a course of action distasteful to him.

The Croydon girl, in course of time, became the wife of his friend John Warde, of Squerries.

Long after Wolfe had realized that his suit with Miss Lawson was hopeless, he could not think of her or hear of her without emotion. He refers to this in a letter written to his mother about a year after his final rejection by her, while on a visit

to a friend who possessed a picture of this lady. He says:

"My mistress' picture hangs up in the room where we dine. It took away my stomach for two or three days and



WESTERHAM—SHOWING THE VICARAGE WHERE WOLFE WAS BORN.

FROM A PHOTO.

ing, that George Washington's eldest brother served in Lord Cathcart's army, and, while engaged in the siege of Cartagena, contracted the disease which caused his death, his younger brother

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made me look grave ; but time, the never-failing aid to distressed lovers, has made the semblance of her a pleasing, but not a dangerous object. However, I find it best not to trust myself to the lady's eyes, or to put confidence in any resolutions of my own."

Before his final departure for America, Wolfe was attracted to a Miss Lowther, sister of the man who afterwards became first Earl of Lonsdale. She returned his affection, and presented him with a small miniature of herself which he wore around his neck until the night before the battle of the Plains of Abraham, when he delivered it into the keeping of his friend Jarvis (afterwards Earl St. Vincent) for transmission to Miss Lowther, as he had a strong presentiment that he would be killed on the morrow.

Among the Squerries letters is one written by this lady in reference to Wolfe's death.

Along with the letters are the various commissions held by Wolfe during his military career. He became an ensign in his fifteenth year, acted as adjutant in the following year during the Dettingen campaign, when he was made a lieutenant, and at the age of seventeen obtained a captaincy.

In another year he was appointed a brigade-major, and as such fought at the battles of Falkirk and Culloden against Prince Charlie.

FROM A PHOTO.

SQUERRIES COURT, WESTERHAM.





FROM A PAINTING.

WOLFE BEFORE QUEBEC.

At the age of twenty-three he was a lieutenant-colonel, having gone through seven campaigns, and when twenty-nine he was made a full colonel.

Such rapid advancement of one who was without influence was remarkable in a period when appointments in all the public services were distributed through favouritism or by corrupt means.

When he was chosen to lead the expedition against Quebec the brevet rank of major-general was conferred upon him. His appointment created much jealousy among his seniors in the service, there being scores of generals who, in virtue of their seniority, might have been expected to supply a leader. Pitt, however, passed them over on account of their incapacity and made his choice solely on the ground of Wolfe's superior genius.

Among the great military heroes of Great Britain there is no one whose

personality and character are more worthy of study than James Wolfe's.

His appearance was noticeable chiefly for a lack of physical beauty. His face was very plain, positively ugly according to some.

When full-grown, he was over six feet in height, with lanky frame and narrow shoulders, gawky and ungainly both in gait and figure. His profile has often been compared to the flap of an envelope, owing to the projection of a sharply pointed nose, combined with an unusually receding chin and forehead. His complexion was pale and colourless, his cheek-bones prominent, and his hair of a brilliant, aggressive brick-red hue. His eyes, however, were frank, bright and full of expression, redeeming considerably the predominant note of homeliness in his countenance.

His health was never robust, and the varied activities of his military life never served to establish physical stability. Extra effort always told upon him. In

his latter years he suffered much from rheumatism and gravel. In general he bore his sufferings well and patiently, and was continually sustained by an indomitable spirit and by a keen determination not to be overcome. This was particularly noticeable during the last year of his life, his preparations for the final campaign being made when he was in a wretched state of distress from his chronic malady. And, during the anxious summer months before Quebec, he bore up through much physical discomfort with great endurance. Said he, one day to his physician: "I know perfectly well you cannot cure my complaint, but, pray, make me up so that I may be without pain for a few days and able to do my duty; that is all I want." On being told on one occasion that a sick officer had a wretched constitution, Wolfe answered, probably thinking of himself: "Don't tell me of constitution; that gentleman

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has a good spirit, and spirit will carry a man through everything."

Yet, in the midst of his troubles, he was ever attentive to the sufferings of those about him. This was a marked feature in his character, even when he was in the press of most hazardous undertakings. For instance, on the memorable morning of the ascent of the heights of the St. Lawrence, a captain in the foremost storming party was shot through the chest. Wolfe noticing this rushed to his side, pressed his hand and praised his valour, encouraged him to be of good spirit, promised him leave of absence and promotion and sent an aide-de-camp to tell General Monckton what his wishes were, in case he should not live to carry them out himself. Needless to say, this sympathetic trait in Wolfe won the devotion of his soldiers.

Throughout his life he possessed the art of attracting friends, and of binding them to him—an exceptional faculty in an impulsive and sensitive nature. His outbursts of temper were infrequent and transient, and are not to be wondered at when we bear in mind his wretched physical condition. There was no malice in him, no jealous, envious spirit. His heart was warm and sympathetic, and he was distinguished for his high regard for truth and honour, as well as for his faithfulness to his friends, especially when they were in trouble. Thus, when his friend Colonel Cornwallis was under disgrace for his acquiescence in the refusal of the Governor of Gibraltar to aid Admiral Byng, Wolfe wrote to his father in the following terms:—

"I don't suppose there is a man living more to be pitied than poor Cornwallis. As he has more zeal, more merit, and more integrity than one commonly meets with among men,

he will be proportionately mortified to find himself in disgrace, with the best intentions to deserve favour. I am heartily sorry to find him involved with the rest, of whose abilities or inclinations nobody has any very high notions; but Cornwallis is a man of approved courage and fidelity. He has unhappily, been misled upon this occasion by people of not half his value."

Wolfe's popularity was nowhere greater than among his brother-officers. He was free from all meanness and selfishness, and was as ready to acknowledge worth in another as he was quick to recognize it. He was ever glad to encourage younger men by precept, by example, and by friendly actions. In the same measure he detested the vicious, the idle, the pretentious and those who occupied positions which they were not fitted to fill.

He took a serious view of life and its responsibilities, and even regarded himself as one from whom was expected, at all times, the performance of



FROM AN OLD PRINT.

WOLFE'S PROFILE.

duties to the very best of his ability.

Wolfe's ideal, as to his profession, was far above that held by the majority of the army officers of his time—mere puppets of gold lace and frills. He strove to master every branch of his work, and in his ambition to be a general he did not neglect his humbler duties as ensign or captain. From the very beginning of his career he attracted the notice of his superiors by his diligence in all his work. When he became a lieutenant-colonel, his regiments were famous throughout the army for the health and good conduct of his men, for the thoroughness of the discipline among them, and for their vigorous prosecution of work allotted to them. Wolfe was not only a practical soldier. He loved and studied the theory and science of the military art. For years he cherished a passionate desire to pursue his studies on the Continent, and felt the keenest disappointment when permission was refused him. In order to make up for the educational deficiencies of his youth, he worked at classics, mathematics and other branches while attending to his regimental duties, employing tutors whenever he could obtain them. Ye gods! what a sensation would be created now-a-days if our smart young officers were to become studious in the midst of their routine barrack life, employing their spare intervals in the acquisition of some sound knowledge.

At an early age Wolfe was recognized as one of the best authorities in Britain in military matters, and there are records of his advice having been sought on different occasions, as well by seniors as by juniors. In a letter to a friend advising him as to a course of study, he says: "In these days . . . it is much to be wished that all our young soldiers . . . would try to make themselves fit for that important trust; without it we must sink under the superior abilities and indefatigable industry of our restless neighbours."

No doubt it was Wolfe's reputation for thoroughness and knowledge which contributed mainly to his rapid progress. Another feature, also, undoubtedly played some part in helping him, viz., the impression which he ever made on senior men of ability or position by his precociously thoughtful and grave attitude of mind, by the ripeness of his deliberative faculty, and the soundness of his judgment.

Wolfe's final opportunity was undoubtedly due to the very high opinion entertained of him by those in the highest places of authority, especially by Pitt himself. His keen, observant mind had recognized in Wolfe ability of the highest order, careful attention to the performance of his smallest duties, passionate enthusiasm for the science and practice of war, and all the qualifications essential to leadership.



This is the only portrait of Wolfe known to have been painted from life. It represents him in the first regiment with which he served. The original is in the possession of Colonel Warde, of Squerrves Court.



Copy of a painting of Wolfe, by Schuak, in the National Portrait Gallery, London, Eng.

Though not a politician, he was a strong patriot, ever filled with a burning desire to advance his country's glory. Indeed, it is probable that in his career he was as much influenced by this consideration as by any personal ambition.

That he was always ambitious to shine is very evident, and that he was sometimes disappointed when promotion did not take place as he wished is equally clear. Yet his ambition was of the purest order, that would only seek fame and advancement by fair and honourable means. He was entirely free from vanity or conceit, though he was not lacking in a feeling of confidence in his own powers.

His nature was of the grave, reflective order, and he was given a good deal to introspection. He was very sensitive and reacted quickly to the nature of his surroundings. He ever drew on his friends for sympathy, seeming to feel the need of companionship.

As a general, though Wolfe had few opportunities of exercising his ability, he well deserves the attribute of greatness which has been universally conceded to him. He had an eye for perspective, possessed the power of selection and was able to give to things their proper proportional values. Thus, in his first great opportunity of exercising his generalship, viz., in the affairs of the Basque Road, a few hours sufficed to make a thorough survey of the enemy's position, to recognize the strength and weakness of their defences, to draw up a plan of action, which, at a military council held afterwards in England, was declared to be brilliant, masterly and worthy of having been carried into execution.

The Louisbourg campaign empha-

sized other features in his character, viz., his pertinacity, his untiring energy, his personal bravery and his fertility of resource. Though Amherst was the nominal head of the expedition, the glory of the fall of Louisbourg belongs to Wolfe. He was one of the first to land from the ships, and day after day during the siege he was ever planning new movements and executing them with promptness and vigour, to the admiration of his soldiers and the amazement of the foe.

"Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved."

Quebec proved his patience and thoroughness, and his fierce determination to force the enemy to fight as he wished—in such a manner as to expose their weakness to him. For, it is to be understood, Wolfe did not conquer Quebec because he climbed the heights of Abraham, but because this picturesque feat was the determining cause in bringing on a general engagement between his small, compact and thoroughly trained force and the large, unreliable, ill-disciplined body under Montcalm. This had been his heart's desire through the long, weary months of waiting.

It must, therefore, be concluded that though, in quantity, the sum of Wolfe's performances is far below the measure of the deeds of Wellington, Napoleon or Marlborough, the quality of his work indicates genius of the same high order as theirs. The brilliancy of his brief and meteoric career, achieving, as it did, such glorious results for the Empire, gave also the assurance that his life would have continued at the same high level of action had Providence prolonged his days.

J. C. Webster.





WHY OVIDE DON'T GO SHANTY DIS FALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOVER IN HOMESPUN," ETC.

Illustrated by E. Macpherson.

I DON'T go shanty dis fall, which mak me feel good,
 (Do Jean Boyer must go dare again);
 So I'm tink of queer ting we pass troo in de wood,
 And pe'haps she be wort' for explain.

We use be great frien' dat Jean Boyer an' me;
 Do dat's not de case for long time;
 She must now, most be year, I treat him de whiskee,
 An' we mak paint de town till she shine.

De cause of de trouble—she not new I believe—
 I'm splain dat just well lak I can;
 If de English I use mak you laugh up your sleeve,
 Dat's no matter; I'm not Anglish man.

One night, about Creesmis, when we sit in de camp,
 (I'm spick still 'bout Jean Boyer an' me).
 An' be read de ole paper by smoke coal oil lamp,
 An tak drink of de good *blanc* whiskee.

Jean Boyer look up from de paper he read,
 Jus' sudden an' quick lak he can,
 An' he say: "I'm get tire' sit here, frien' Ovide;
 Come on village an' see Pete Norman."

As it be two, tree night I not see Pete myself;
 I be glad for what Boyer he say:
 So I spring on de feet, tak de hat from de shelf,
 An we soon be set out on de way.

I must say it right here, so you understan' soon
 What kine place dat Norman he keep.
 It's place for dry man—ah *oui*!—right name she saloon;
 De boss place for mak money go skeep!

When we near to de village I be s'prise for see,
 Dat Jean Boyer mak hase for go slow,
 An' I'm also get view of small house pas' big tree—
 Which, before dat, me, I never know.

Well I cas' up de eye, for Jean Boyer explain;
 As his actin' I fine dat some queer;
 So he say, wit' de look dat mak sheep face quite plain;
 "I forgat tell you fine gal leeve here."

By gosh! pe'haps my heart she not give de big leap,
 When I'm tole dat fine gal be so near;
 For I'm not be lak man dat was say go asleep
 When chance for know nice gal appear.

Well, Jean knock at de door, same lak it be his own;
 Den such beautiful gal open it,
 Dat I stan' an' jus' look-same lak I'm turn' stone—
 (Sure she tink from asylum I git).

But I pluck up de wits, lak society man,
 When Boyer mak introduce me
 To de gal—and her mudder, who's wash up de pan,
 An' whose name is Madame Larivié.

For long tam we talk-talk, just fas' lak hoss run,
 An' Mees Flora—dat's what gal name be—
 Raise some laugh, show white teeth, an' mak plenty fun;
 But her eye not come plenty to me.

But dare's somet'ing soon happen dat give me good show,
 For mak some luck come on my way;
 "All fair love an' war," say de English you know;
 And de English is great for fair play.

Dare is cradle in room, which have babee not walk,
 (De babee of Madame Larivié),
 But by gosh he can cry, more fast dan we talk!
 But dat's lucky babee for me.

For I'm tak up dat babee, stroke him on de chin,
 An' sing him plenty French song galore ;
 Dat's just what he want ; he come still lak de pin,
 When you wait for it drop on de floor.

All at once dat fine gal of Madame Larivié,
 Come my side an' tak seat on de chair,
 Den look up wit bright eye, an' wit smile say to me :
 " Monsier, I tink mak de good *père* ! "



Den I rave 'bout all babee as I'm not forget ;
 I don't tink I can fib lak I can
 (When I after confess to de Fadder Ouimet
 He say sure I'm not Washington man).

She now stay on my side till de tam come for go ;
 So Jean Boyer must talk to Madame ;
 An dat's not mak him glad, as his face mak plain show ;
 But I'm happy lak de proverb clam.

On way back Jean not talk till we near be return ;
 (But my tongue work so hard she all dry) ;
 When he say vary quick, wit de eye lak it burn :
 " You prize man 'bout babee for lie ! "

After dat we not tak some more walk on de night ;
 Nor on day, too, mak vary much talk,
 An he get still more mad cos I not see his right
 Only now for dat cottage to walk.

He's fox, too, dat Jean, who my frien' no more be,
 As he scheme for get luck dat I mak
 By go craze over babee, dance him on de knee ;
 But Mamselle soon get on his sly track.

De way we stay late, for each udder go first,
 As I'm 'spect mak de trouble one night ;
 For he say me at last, in way dat's blood-t'irst :
 " Ovide Parent, we now try de fight ! "

Mon Dieu ! I'm not glad when I hear him say dat,
 (My two leg she come weak lak I fall)—
 For he's head more dan me, an' can fight lak a rat ;
 So I know I don't stan' chance at all.

But I trow off de coat, dig de heel in de snow,
 An' just mak de best fight lak I can.
 (I don't work for tree day, guess happen you know,
 Dat Mamselle have to guess who I am).

But my frien' I'm de man dat win her after all,
 An' when winter she's all be gone by
 We get marry, an' go live on ole Mo'real,
 (Ha !—don't need now 'bout babee for lie !).

Why I don't go on wood, and Jean not my frien' be,
 I have sure mak de trut'ful explain ;
 But, you lak have more detail, why den, *mon ami*,
 Just drop me post-card on de train.

F. Clifford Smith.



'POLEON DORÉ.*

A Tale of the Saint Maurice.

THE most dangerous rapid on this river is known in French as the *Cuisse*, from its fancied resemblance to a pair of shears, and over the solitary rock in midstream the spray dashes in such a manner as to give the idea of his Satanic Majesty playing a fiddle, and thus luring unwary souls to destruction.

You have never hear de story of de young Napoleon Doré?
Los' hees life upon de reever w'en de lumber drive go down?
W'ere de *rapide* roar lak tonder, dat's de place he's goin' onder,
W'en he's try save Paul Desjardins, 'Poleon heseff is drown.

All de winter on de Shaintee, tam she's good, and work she's plaintee,
But we're not feel very sorry, w'en de sun is warm hees face,
W'en de mooshtrat an' de beaver, tak' some leetle swim on reever,
An' de sout' win' scare de snowbird, so she fly some col'er place.

Den de spring is set in steady, an' we get de log all ready,
Workin' hard all day and night too, on de water mos' de tam,
An' de skeeter w'en dey fin' us, come so quickly nearly blin' us,
Biz-Biz-Biz-Biz, all aroun' us, till we feel lak *sacrédi*.

All de sam' we're hooraw feller, from de top of house to cellar,
Ev'ry boy he's feel so happy, w'en he's goin' right away,
See hees fader an' hees moder—see hees sister an' hees broder,
An' de girl he spark las' summer, if she's not got *marieé*.

Wall, we start 'im out wan morning, an' de pilot geev us warning,
"W'en you come on *Rapide Cuisse*, ma frien, keep raf' she's head on shore,
If you struck beeg rock on middle, we're *le diable* is play hees fiddle,
Dat's de tam you pass on some place, you don't never pass before."

But we'll not t'ink moche of danger, for de *rapide* she's no stranger,
Many tam we're ronnin' troo it, on de fall an' on de spring,
On mos' ev'ry kin' of wedder dat *le Bon Dieu* scrape togedder,
An' we'll never drown nobody, an' we'll never bus' someting.

Dere was Telesphore Monthbriand—Paul Desjardins—Louis Guyon,
Bill McKeever—Aleck Gauthier, an' hees cousin Jean Bateese,
'Poleon Doré, Aimé Beaulieu, wit' some more man I can't tole you,
Dat was mak' it bes' gang never run upon de St. Maurice.

Dis is jus' de tam I wish—me, I could spik de good Ang-lish—me—
For tole you of de pleasuredment we get upon de spring,
W'en de win' she's all a sleepin', an' de raf' she go a sweepin'
Down de reever on some morning, w'ile *le rossignol* is sing.

Ev'ry t'ing so nice an' quiet on de shore as we pass by it,
All de tree got fine new spring suit, ev'ry wan she's dress on green,
W'y it mak' us all more younger, an' we don't feel any hunger,
Till de cook say "'Raw for breakfas'," den we smell de pork an' bean.

* This poem was recited by Dr. Drummond at the "Canadian Magazine" banquet held in Toronto in February, and was exceedingly well received. This and the preceding poem are written in the language of the *habitant* of the Province of Quebec.

Some folk say she's bad for leever, but for man work hard on reever
 Dat's de bes' t'ing I can tole you, dat was never yet be seen,
 Course dere's oder ting ah tak' me, fancy dish also I lak me,
 But w'en I want somet'ing solid, please pass me de pork an' bean.

All dis tam de raf' she's goin' lak steamboat was got us towin'
 All we do is keep de channel, an' dat's easy workin' dere,
 So we sing some song an' chorus, for de good tam dat's before us,
 W'en de w'ole biz—nesse she's finish, an' we come on *Trois Rivières*.

But bad luck is sometam fetch us, for beeg strong win' come an' ketch us
 Jus' so soon we struck de *rapide*—jus' so soon we see de smoke,
 An' before we spik some prayer for ourseff dat's fightin' dere,
 Roun' we come upon de beeg rock, an' it's den de raf' she broke.

Dat was tam poor Paul Desjardins, from de parish of St. Germain,
 He was long way on de fronte side, so he's fallin' overboard,
 Couldn't swim at all de man say, but dat's more, ma frien', I can say,
 Any how he's look lak drownin', so we'll trow him two, t'ree oar.

Dat's bout all de help our man do, dat's 'bout ev'ry t'ing we can do
 As do crib we're hangin' onto balance on de rock itseff,
 Till de young Napoleon Doré heem I start for tole de story,
 Holler out, "*Mon Dieu*, I don't lak see poor Paul go drown heseff."

So he's mak' beeg jomp on water, jus' de sam' you see some otter,
 An' he's pass on place w'ere Paul is tryin' hard for keep afloat,
 Den we see Napoleon ketch heem, try he's possibil for fetch heem,
 But de current she's more stronger, an' de eddy get dem bote!

O, *Mon Dieu!* for see dem two man mak' me feel it cry lak woman,
 Roun' an' roun' upon de eddy, quickly dem poor feller go,
 Can't tole wan man from de oder, an' well know dem bote lak broder,
 But de fight she soon is finish—Paul an' 'Poleon go below.

Yass! an' all de tam we stay dere, only t'ing we do is pray dere,
 For de soul poor drownin' feller, dat's enough mak' us feel mad,
 Torteen *voyageurs*, all brave man, glad get any chances save man,
 But we don't see no good chances, can't do not'ing, dat's too bad.

Well, at las' de crib she's come way off de rock, an' den on some way,
 B'imbeby de w'ole gang's passin' on safe place below de *Cuisse*,
 Ev'ry body heart she's breakin', w'en dey see poor Paul he's taken
 Wit' de young Napoleon Doré, bes' boy on de St. Maurice.

An' day after, Bill McKeever see de bote man on de reever,
 Wit' deir arm aroun' each oder, mebbe pass above dat way—
 So we bury 'em as we fin' 'em, w'ere de pine tree weaver behin' 'em,
 An' de *Grande Montagne* he's lookin' down on *Marchéterre* Bay.

You can't hear no church bell ring dere, but *le rossignol* is sing dere,
 An' w'ere old red cross she's stannin', mebbe some good *ange gardien*
 Watch de place w'ere bote man sleepin', keep de reever grass from creepin'
 On de grave of 'Poleon Doré, an' of poor Paul Desjardins.

W. H. Drummond.



MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

VI.—UNDER FRENCH ENCOURAGEMENT—
THOMAS HARDY.

WITHIN the last half-score of years an extraordinary impulse towards freedom in the artistic representation of life has touched some of our English writers. Thackeray, in "Pendennis," laments that since Fielding no English novelist has "dared to draw a man." Dr. George Macdonald, in his "Robert Falconer," whispers, in a sort of stage aside, his wish that it were possible to be both decent and honest in the exposition of the character of the Baron of Rothie, who is a seducer by profession. Perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of Thackeray was that he was a gentleman, and that his good breeding and his manliness were essentially of the English pattern. Dr. Macdonald's most intense impulse is towards purity of life, as an integral necessity for that communion with the Eternal Fatherhood which he preaches with so much earnestness and charm. That two such men should have felt that their work was subject to a painful limitation on one side of it is significant, but it is a fact which may be used with equal force as an argument by the advocates of the old method and the adopters of the new. It is perfectly true that they felt the restriction, but it is equally true that they respected it, and were resolute not to break through it. Their cases are cited here not as an aid to argument on one side or the other, but simply to show that the argument itself

is no new thing—that the question as to how far freedom is allowable has been debated in the minds of honest writers and decided in one way, long before it came to be debated by another set of honest writers who decided it in another.

There never was an age in which outspoken honesty was indecent. There never was an age in which pruriency in any guise could cease to be indecent. There never was an age when the fashion of outspoken honesty did not give a seeming excuse to pruriency; and it is this fact, that freedom in the artistic presentation of the sexual problems has invariably led to the licence of indecency, which has in many successive ages of literature forced the artist back to restraint, and has made him content to be bound by a rigid puritanism. In the beat of the eternal pendulum of taste it seems ordained that puritanism shall become so very puritanic that art shall grow tired of its bonds, and that liberty in turn shall grow offensive and shall compel art by an overmastering instinct to return towards puritanism.

It is France which has led the way in the latest protest against the restrictions imposed by modern taste upon art. It may be admitted as a fact that those restrictions were felt severely, for it is obvious that until they began to chafe there was no likelihood of their being violently broken. The chief apostle of the new movement towards entire freedom is, of course, Emile Zola.

After having excited for many years an incredulous amazement and disgust, he is now almost universally recognized as an honest and honourable artist, and as a great master in his craft. Nobody who is at all instructed ventures any longer to say that Zola is indecent because he loves indecency, or is pleased by the contemplation of the squalid and obscene. We see him as he truly is—a pessimist in humanity—sad and oppressed, and bitter with the gall of a hopeless sympathy with suffering and distorted mankind.

One English artist, whom, in the just language of contemporary criticism, it is no exaggeration to describe as great, has elected (rather late in life for so strong a departure) to cast in his lot with the new school. That his ambitions are wholly honourable it would be the mere vanity of injustice to deny. That his new methods contrast very unfavourably with his old ones, that he is lending the weight of his authority to a movement which is full of mischief, that in obeying in all sincerity an artistic impulse he is doing a marked disservice to his own art in particular, and to English art in general, are, with me, so many rooted personal convictions; but I dare not pretend that they are more. Mr. Hardy is just as sincere in his belief that he is right as I and the rest of his critics are in our belief that he is wrong. The question must be threshed out dispassionately and judicially, if it be faced at all. It cannot be settled by an appeal to personal sentiment on either side. But in the limits to which I am now restricted it is impossible to do justice to the discussion, and it would, indeed, be barely possible to state even the whole of its terms.

I am forced to content myself, therefore, with a temperamental expression of opinion in place of a judicial one, pleading only that the arguments against me are recognized and respected, although I have no present opportunity of recapitulating and disputing them. It appears, then—to speak merely as an advocate *ex-parte*—to us of the old school that an essential part

of the fiction writer's duty is to be harmless. That, of course, to the men of the cayenne-pepper-castor creed seems a very milky sort of proclamation, but to us it is a matter of grave moment. I have always thought, for my own part, that the novelist might well take for his motto the last five words of that passage in "The Tempest" where we read: "This isle is full of noises, sounds and sweet airs, which give *delight and hurt not*." Simple as the motto seems, it will be found to offer a fairly wide range. When Reade tilted against prison abuses and the abuses of private asyla, or when Dickens rode down on the law of Chancery as administered in his day, or when Thackeray scourged snobbery and selfishness in society, they were all well within the limits of this rule. We experience a delight which hurts not, but on the contrary is entirely tonic and inspiring, when Satire swings his lash on the bared back of hypocrisy or cruel and intentional vice. We experience a delight which hurts not, but on the contrary freshens the whole flood of feeling within us, when a true artist deals truly with the sorrows and infirmities of our own kind. To offer it as our intent to give delight and hurt not is no mere profession of an artistic Grundyism. It is the proclamation of what is to our minds the simple truth, that fiction should be a joyful, an inspiring, a sympathetic, and a helpful art. There are noble delights, and there are delights ignoble, and delights which are simply harmless. We make it our business to deal with the first and the last. There are certain questions the public discussion of which we purposefully avoid. There are certain manifestations of character the exhibition of which we hold to be something like a crime.

Mr. Hardy would plead, and with perfect propriety, that he does not choose to write for "the young person." I answer that he cannot help himself. He cannot choose his audience. Fiction appeals to everybody, and fiction so robust, so delicate and charming as his own finds its way into

all hands. When a man can take a hall, and openly advertise that he intends to speak therein "to men only," he is reasonably allowed a certain latitude. If he pitches his cart on the village green, and talks with the village lads and lasses within hearing, he will, if he be a decent fellow, avoid the treatment of certain themes.

Mr. Hardy's latest work, "*Jude the Obscure*," deals very largely with the emotions and the reasons which animate a young woman when she decides not to sleep with her husband, when she decides that she will sleep with her husband, when she decides to sleep with a man who is not her husband, and when she decides not to sleep with a man who is not her husband. Now all this does not matter to the mentally-solid and well-balanced reader. It is not very interesting, for one thing, and apart from the fact that it is, from a workman's point of view, astonishingly well done, it would not be interesting at all. Mr. Hardy offers it as the study of a temperament. Very well. It is an excellent study of a temperament, but it bores. The theme is not big enough to be worth the effort expended upon it. Here is an hysterical, wrong-headed and confused-hearted little hussy, who can't make up her mind as to what is right and what is wrong, and who is a prey to the impulse of the moment, psychical or physical. I don't think there are many people like her. I don't think that from the broad, human-natural point of view it matters a great deal how she decides. But I am sure of this—that the more that kind of small monstrosity is publicly analysed and anatomised and made much of the more her morbidities will increase in her, and the more unbearable in real life she is likely to become. Mr. Hardy's labour in this particular is a direct incentive to the study of hysteria as a fine art amongst such women as are natively prone to it. One of the gravest dangers which beset women is that of hysterical self-deception. The common-sense way of dealing with them when they suffer in that

way is kindly and gently to ignore their symptoms until the reign of common-sense returns. To make them believe that their emotions are worthy of the scrutiny of a great analyst of the human heart is to increase their morbid temptations, and in the end to render those temptations irresistible. The one kind of person to whom "*Jude the Obscure*" must necessarily appeal with the greatest power is the kind of person depicted in its pages, and the tendency of the book is unavoidably towards the development and multiplication of the type described. This is the only end the book can serve apart from the fact that it does reveal to us Mr. Hardy's special knowledge of a dangerous and disagreeable form of mental disorder. But it is not the physician's business to spread disease, and any treatise on hysteria which is thrown into a captivating popular form, and makes hysteria look like an interesting and romantic thing, will spread the malady as surely as a spark will ignite gunpowder. This at least is not a mere matter of opinion, but of sound scientific fact, which no student of that disorder which Mr. Hardy has so masterfully handled will deny. In this respect, then, the book is a centre of infection, and that the author of "*A Pair of Blue Eyes*" should have written it is matter at once for astonishment and grief. That is to say, it is a matter of astonishment and grief to me, and to those who think as I do. There is a large and growing contingent of writers and readers to whom it is a theme for joyful congratulation. It is one of the rules of the game we are now playing to respect all honest conviction.

Of Mr. Hardy, from the purely artistic side, there is little time to speak. On that side let me first set down what is to be said in dispraise, for the mere sake of leaving a sweet taste in the mouth at the end. Even from his own point of view—that lauded "sense of the overwhelming sadness of modern life" which captivates the admirers of his latest style—it is possible to spread the epic table of sorrow without finding a place upon it for scraps of the

hoggish anatomy which are not nameable except in strictly scientific or wholly boorish speech. But it seems necessary to the new realism that its devotee should be able to write for the perusal of gentlemen and ladies about things he dared not mention orally in the presence of either ; so that what a drunken cabman would be deservedly kicked for saying in a lady's hearing may be honourably printed for a lady's reading by a scholar and a sage. It was once thought otherwise, but I am arguing here not against realism *per se*, but against the inartistic introduction of gross episodes. Every reader of Mr. Hardy will recognise my meaning, and the passage in my mind seems gratuitously and unserviceably offensive.

To come to less displeasing themes, where, still expressing disapproval, one may do it with some grace, one of the few limitations to Mr. Hardy's great charm as a writer lies in his tendency to encumber his page with detail. At a supremely romantic moment, one of his people sits down to contemplate a tribe of ants, and watches them through two whole printed pages. In another case a man in imminent deadly peril surveys, through two pages, the history of the geologic changes which have befallen our planet. Each passage, taken by itself, is good enough. Taken where it is, each is terribly wearisome and wrong.

I do not know that any critic has yet recorded Mr. Hardy's singular limitations as to the invention of plot. Speaking from memory, I cannot at this moment recall a novel of his in which some trouble does not circle about a marriage licence, and I can recall many instances of going to church to get married and coming back single. That, indeed, is Mr. Hardy's *pièce de résistance* in the way of invention, and it crops up in one book after another with a helpless inevitableness which at last grows comic.

But here we can afford to have done with carping, and can turn to the much more grateful task of praise. I do not think it too much to say that Mr.

Hardy has studied his own especial part of England, has made himself master of its landscape, its town and hamlet life, its tradition and sentiment and general spiritual atmosphere, to such triumphant effect as to set himself wholly apart from all other English writers of fiction. His devotion to his own beloved Wessex has brought him this rich and merited reward, that he is the recognised first and final master of its field. His knowledge of rustic life within his own borders is beautifully sympathetic and profound. His impression of the landscape in the midst of which this life displays itself is broad and noble and alive. His literary style is a thing to admire, to study, and to admire again. All worthy readers of English fiction are his debtors for many idyllic happy hours, and many deep inspirations of wholesome English air. And if, at the parting of the ways, we wave a decisive farewell to him, we are not unmindful of the time when he was the best and dearest of our comrades, and we leave him in the certainty that, whatever path he has chosen, he has been guided in his choice by an ambition which is entirely honourable and sincere.

VII.—UNDER FRENCH ENCOURAGEMENT.—
GEORGE MOORE.

That salt of sincerity which saves "Jude the Obscure" and "Tess o' the D'Urbervilles" from being wholly nauseous, is absent from "A Modern Lover" and "A Drama in Muslin," and its flavour is but faintly perceptible in "Esther Waters." Except on the distinct understanding that Thomas Hardy and George Moore are bracketed here, for the sake of convenience, as being both "under French encouragement," it would be a gross critical injustice to couple their names together at all. It is not one man of letters in a hundred who has Mr. Hardy's mere literary faculty, which is native and brilliant, whilst Mr. Moore's has been painstakingly hunted for and brought from afar, and is, after much polishing, still a trifle dull. Mr. Thomas Hardy is distinctly one of those men who see

things through an atmosphere of their own. Mr. George Moore has borrowed his atmosphere. The one is a man of genius as well as labour, and the other is a man of labour only.

It is very much of a pity that, a year or two ago, somebody's sense of Mr. Moore's position in the world of letters should have been very absurdly emphasised. It was solemnly advertised that a certain number of copies of a book of his might be had on large paper, with the autograph of the author. This was to be regretted, for Mr. Moore, in his own way, is worth taking seriously, whilst the trick is one of those which, as a rule, can only be played by the poorest kind of literary outsider. But that the author should have permitted himself to be thus made ridiculous is a characteristic thing, and one not to be passed in silence if we wish to understand him.

Consulting the critics, one of the first things we find about Mr. Moore is that he is an observer. As a matter of fact, this is absolutely what he is not. He is so far from being an observer that he is that diametrically opposite person, a man with a note-book. The man who amongst men of letters deserves to be ranked as an observer is he who naturally and without effort sees things in their just place, aspect, proportion and perspective. The man who is often falsely described by the title which expresses this faculty is a careful and painstaking soul, who is strenuously on the watch for detail, and who takes much trouble to fill his pages with it.

Let me offer a concrete illustration. In "Esther Waters" Mr. Moore is curiously and meaninglessly emphatic in his description of a certain room, in which the heroine of his action sleeps. Esther, we are told, slipped on her nightdress and got into bed. It was a brass bed without curtains. There were two windows in the room. One of them was flush with the head of the bed, and the other was beyond its foot. A chest of drawers stood between them. An observer, unless he had a special purpose in it, would never have

dreamt of writing down this bald detail. Nothing comes of the statement of fact. Nothing hangs on the relative position of the bed and the windows, and the chest of drawers. Nothing happens in the course of the story which justifies the flat and flavourless statement. It is wholly without meaning, apart from the fact that it affords rather a plain insight into the author's method of work. If a child of three, after visiting a strange bedroom, were able to tell as much about it as Mr. Moore has to tell us about this apartment, his mother would probably be proud of him, and his nurse would say he was a notice-taking little creature, but the critics would hardly hold him up to admiration as an observer. Yet the child would tell us just as much and just as little as Mr. Moore tells us in this particular instance. It goes without saying that this is not a fair specimen of Mr. Moore's faculty, but it is significant of his general literary knack. He makes it his business steadfastly to jot down what he sees, and it is not impossible that in the course of a long and labourious life a man might in this way cultivate to a reasonable growth a turn for observation originally less than mediocre; but it is not the natural observer's method of seeing things, and it is not the natural artist's method of presenting them. If the critics in this case were in the right we should have to acknowledge an auctioneer's catalogue as a *chef d'œuvre*.

To the sympathetic reader it was evident from the first that Mr. Moore was not greatly enamoured of his work for its own sake, and that he chose his themes not because of any imperative attraction they had for him, but simply and purely for the use to which he could put them. His choice of subject has always been the result of a deliberate search for the effective. The mental process which gave rise to "A Mummer's Wife" is easily traceable. The domestic life of the class of people he made up his mind to treat was as little known to him as to almost anybody, but if properly handled it was

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pretty sure to make good copy. He must know it first, however, and so he set himself to learn it. This is the Zola method, but it is that method with a difference. The great French master started with an inspired and inspiring scheme; his idea being no less than to paint the society of an epoch from top to base, to present in a series of books, the writing of which should fill his literary lifetime, a completed portraiture of the whole people of his land and day. In the course of such a labour as he had courageously appointed for himself many lines of special enquiry were necessarily indicated, but the details for which he searched were all employed with an artistic remorselessness in the building of that one great scheme of his, and each successive book which left his hands was like one more nail driven home and clinched for the support of his argument. Mr. Moore, as those who are honoured by his personal acquaintance know better than those who only read his books, resents with some warmth the obvious parallel which has been drawn between Zola and himself; but he is a copyist of Zola's method for all that, and but for Zola's influence would never have been heard of on his own present lines.

In the writing of the "Mummer's Wife" the first obvious impulse came from Zola. It should be the writer's business to discover a section of English life not hitherto exploited—it should be his business to explore it with a minute thoroughness—and it should, further, be his business to depict it as he found it. To be thoroughly painstaking in inquiry, and without fear in the exposition of facts discovered, were the aims before the writer. But Mr. Moore forgot, as was inevitable in the circumstances, that no desire for knowledge of things human is of real value without sympathy. He followed the fortunes of a theatrical company touring in the provinces, and though it is true enough that people who know that kind of life find trivial errors here and there, it has to be admitted that on the whole he gave a true and characteristic picture of the outside life of such a

community. How a certain class of theatrical people dress and talk, what their work is, and what their outer ways are like, he has discovered with infinite painstaking, but the fact remains that it is the work of an outsider. He has never once got under the skin of any one of his people, and this is true, because he was impelled to write about them not because they were human, and therefore endowed with all human characteristics of hatefulness, and loveliness, and quaintness, and humour, and vanity, and jealousy, but because he saw good copy in them. He neither loves nor hates, nor, indeed, except for his own sake, is for a second even faintly interested. He is there to make a book, and these people offer excellent material for a book. He is astonishingly industrious, and his minuteness is without end, but he never warms to his subject. His aim, in short, is one of total artistic selfishness. It is very likely that he would accept this statement of his standpoint, and would justify it as the only standpoint of an artist. But it is answerable for the fact that his pages are sterile of laughter and tears, of sympathy and of pity.

In "A Modern Lover" and "A Drama in Muslin" we find him dealing with a life he knows. He is no longer on ground wholly foreign to him, and it is no longer necessary that he should grope from one uncertain standing place to another, verifying himself by the dark lantern of his note-book as he goes. He moves with a more natural ease, views things with a larger and more comprehensive eye, and has at least that outside sympathy with his people which comes of community of taste and knowledge, and of familiarity with a social *milieu*.

In "Esther Waters" the earlier characteristics break out again, and break out with greater force than ever. What he calls—with one of those tumbles into foreign idiom which occasionally mark his pages—"the fever of the gamble" has never been truly diagnosed in English fiction, and the theme is undeniably fertile. He knows abso-

lutely nothing about the manifestations of the disorder, to begin with; but that is of no consequence, for the world is open to inquiry, and the note-book, the inquiring mind, and the sleuth-hound patience are all as available as ever. Then a combination occurs to him Servantgalism awaits its painter. The life is picturesque from a certain point of view, it impinges more or less on the lives of all of us, and nobody has hitherto thought it worth while to search into the mysteries, and to tell us what it is really like. He knows nothing at all about this either, but he will make enquiries. He does make inquiries, and they result in a picture which is, on the whole, a piece of surprising accuracy. But still all the fire is for the work. The subject is sought for, the details are gathered, the workman's patience and labour are truly conscientious—at times they excite admiration and surprise—but the net result is lifeless and cold. In the way of waxwork, it would be hard to find anything more effective than the people in "Esther Waters." They are clothed with an exactitude of detail which would do credit to Madame Tussaud's exhibition in its latest development. They are carefully modelled and coloured and posed. They are capital waxwork, and if the author had only cared a little bit about them, they might have even that mystic touch of life which thrills us in the finer sorts of fiction. It is eternally true that the wounded is the wounding heart, and the mere descriptive and analytical method not only misses the natural human movement, but it is untrue in its results. Vivisection teaches something, no doubt, but it does not bring a knowledge of the natural animal. To get that knowledge you had better live with him a little, and even love him a little, and teach him to love you. All the scientific inquiry in the world is not worth, in art, one touch of affectionate understanding.

Esther Waters is to go to a lying-in hospital, and thither goes her author before her, bent on what he can picturesquely set down about her sur-

roundings. Her husband is to go to a hospital for consumption. Thither goes the author, and sets down things seen and heard with the wooden, conscientious precision of a bailiff's clerk. The conception of things inquired into seems never to move him to interest, though one is forced to believe that once, at least, he has narrowly escaped the contagion of a great scene. Esther's illegitimate child is born, and the mother, who has temporarily left him for his own sake, to accept a position as wet nurse, is inspired by a hungry maternal longing which drags her irresistibly from warmth and comfort to a poverty whose bitterness has but a single solace—the joy of satisfied motherly love. There are writers who have not a hundredth part of Mr. Moore's industry who would have moved the reader deeply with such a scene. But, if Mr. Moore feels at all, he is ashamed to show it. This mother's hunger is apparently just as affecting a thing to him as the position of the chest of drawers between the two windows—a fact made note of, and, therefore, to be chronicled. Either the writer is content coldly to survey this rage of passion, or he would have us believe he is so; and in either case he misses the mark of the artist, which is, after all, to show such things as he deals with as they truly are, and to seize upon their inwardness. We do not ask for a slaving flux of sentiment, or an acrobat's display in gesticulation. But, from a gentleman whose corns when trodden on are probably as painful as his neighbours', we are content with something less than a godlike indifference to the emotions of humanity. Let us suppose charitably that this is no more than a pretence, and that Mr. Moore is neither at heart so callous nor in vanity so far removed from mere emotional interests as he would seem.

The most patient of investigators in strange regions will make slips sometimes. Mr. Moore, for instance, investigating the racing stable, treats us to a view of a horse whose legs are tightly bandaged from his knees to his

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forelocks, and his vulgarest peasants and servants say "that is he," or "if it be." One characteristic of the common speech of our country he has caught with accuracy, though it can scarcely be said that it needed much observation to secure it. The very objectionable word "bloody," as it is

used by the vulgar, is Mr. Moore's "stand-by" in "Esther Waters." It is very likely that it takes a sort of daring to introduce the word freely into a work of fiction, but the courage does not seem very much more respectable than the word.

(To be continued.)



"THE TENDER GRACE OF A DAY THAT IS DEAD."

THOSE days are dead.

No more throughout the golden hours,
For you and me the same sweet flowers
Will all their bloom and perfume shed.
Now you are far away, and I am lone,
The sting of parting, too, has nearly gone,
For with a feeling of half marvel and half pain,
I wonder if I want you back again.

I used to love you so.
Your presence made my joy complete,
And when that dark day came, my sweet,
I could not bear to see you go.
The old time walks, the chats, the happy hours,
Within the vine-draped porch among the flowers,
All these had passed away, and nevermore
Could life flow on as it had done before.

So many years ago !
And yet, although I do not miss you now,
The memory of your touch upon my brow
Still fills my heart with the old, happy glow.
The old-time pain is gone. I am not sad,
But still I wish the sweet old times we had
Could come again, and show that they still live ;
It seems to me 'twould comfort give
To know they are not dead.

Augusta Helen Thompson.



THE JESUIT'S REVENGE.

A Tale of New France.

MANY generations ago, as the quivering rays of a new day shot in lengthening arrows over the broad Otonabee, and the sun, with a dreamy look slowly arose above the horizon, a birch canoe darted out from a tributary of the river, and under the steady stroke of its sole occupant swiftly glided over the tranquil waters. The air was cold, for summer warmth had gone, and the early autumn sky was fast losing that softness which tarries after summertime. Then, as now, the river flowed southward, but then it was a majestic expanse; on the east, it washed the foot of what is known as Ludgate's Hill, and pressed against a bold cliff on the west. About midway was a large island, upon whose shore evergreen cedars drank from generous supplies which lingering passed, or dallied in small eddies formed by protruding rock or fallen tree. Farther in, lady-like birches and stately elms and oaks caught the vaulting tints of morning and reflected them back to the sun, while the maple, that glorified bride of the forest, appeared as if adorned for the day of marriage. Across the vast sweep of waters a purple mist hung like a thin veil, while on land a similar haziness added to the charm of varied foliage, and proclaimed the advent of Indian summer.

From the northern shore of the island a blue column of smoke curled up, increasing in volume, then gradually diminished and shortly disappeared.

As it faded away the canoeist ran his boat close up to the bank and stepped ashore, where he was welcomed by two men and conducted to a spacious tent. The new-comer was evidently expected, and was regarded with pleasure and treated with marked respect. He was tall, thin, clean-shaven, with rather small, kind-looking eyes, and shapely lips that spoke in gentleness, yet with decision. Dressed in a long, black robe, with a time-worn crucifix suspended upon his breast, there was no mistaking his vocation—a Jesuit in the New World. Those who greeted him were habited as huntsmen, for they were trappers, weather-beaten and of rough appearance, but not of the same nationality, the elder being a native of France, while the other hailed from Erin.

"You have come in a time of need, Father Jacques," the Frenchman remarked, "and may the saints protect you while you perform your duty. We have great need of your services just now and hope much from your assistance."

"I can do my best," was the reply; "but come, tell me what the trouble is."

Thus encouraged, Henri Le Duc at once began, while his assistant prepared the morning repast.

"At one time, this river, the Indians tell us, was much larger than at present. That hill to the east was an island, and this place was a mere green

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spot. Some fifteen years ago a French family lived on the big island, where, after a short residence, they were attacked by a band of Ojibwas, who slew them all except a little girl about two years old. Ever since then, Sajo, as we call her, has dwelt with that tribe, and is both good-looking and remarkably fair, considering her exposed, wandering life. But, good Father, I see Phelim has all ready, so let us break our fast, and you shall hear the rest during our meal."

Just then the Irishman rejoined them, and hearing Le Duc's remark, he asked: "Did ye tell the howly Father how the haythins kilt the Frinch people and stole the child, Henri?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I've told him nearly all we know of the matter." Then, laughing, he addressed Jacques, saying, "Phelim is quite anxious about this affair, for his friend, Dennis O'Hagan, is infatuated with the captive, and some of the Indians think she returns his affection."

In a few minutes the keen edge of hunger was removed, whereupon the priest requested Le Duc to proceed with his history of the young French girl. "But before you do so," said he, "Phelim will tell me more about Dennis O'Hagan, for the name is familiar. What sort of a looking man is he, my son?"

"Arrah! now ye've got me, for I'm no good at describin'; but Denny, the saints bless him, is a short, stout man, wid bow legs, long arrums, an' a shiny pate that has an edgin' of red hair; his face is freckled, an' his beautiful blue eyes ye'd like to stan' lukin' at all day. He has a big heart, an' wud give his life for the nate little Frinch 'ooman in White Swan's camp."

"You see, Father," said Henri, "Phelim keeps his countryman's cause well to the fore; and you must understand our great desire is that you will obtain the release of the captive; this is the trouble we have on hand, and we hope you will devise a speedy relief."

"Your object will be difficult to secure," replied Jacques, "but I am

glad the task is not greater. I know your friend, Dennis O'Hagan, Phelim, and if I can help him I will, for he saved my life from the murderous designs of this same White Swan, when the latter was once on a hunting expedition up north."

"Begorra," then exclaimed Phelim, "that's she fusht bit of good news I've heerd for a fortnight; an' if ye succeed in gettin' the purthy craythur relased, I'll give yez a pound note to pray for the sowl of my worst inimy, Jerry Nolan by name; lastewise that was his name on earth, but phwat they calls him in purgathory I don't know; but mebbe ye know, Father Jacques?"

Le Duc laughed outright, but the priest good-naturedly remarked: "That's right, Donlach, pray for the peace of your enemies and do them good." Then turning to Henri, he said: "Since leaving you some months ago I have travelled a great deal, visiting the different posts between here and the Hurons. While among the latter people I learned they had in their village a captive Ojibwa called Long Snake, the property of an old warrior, who, on being baptised into the Christian faith, pointed out the prisoner and told me he was White Swan's first-born, and that I might take him to his father. Promising to do so I brought the youth away, and he is now in ambush a short distance north."

"May the saints grant you peace and a long life," ejaculated Henri.

"Amin," said Phelim reverently, and with bowed head.

"Now," continued the Father, "where is White Swan's camp?"

"Oh, he is in his village, seven miles down the river," answered Henri.

"Then," resumed Jacques, "my plan is for you to go to him at once, and tell him I am coming to see him this afternoon; meanwhile Phelim and I will bring his son to the Indian encampment, where we will rejoin you."

"I am quite agreeable to your proposition," was the reply from Le Duc, who immediately set off, and not long afterwards the others paddled up to the

rendezvous, where they embarked the Ojibwa and then journeyed southward. Here and there a heron floated slowly over their heads, and on the shore lithe willows bowed towards them, while graceful birches peered into the placid mirror at their feet, as if comparing their own silvery whiteness with the clouds, whose soft, fleecy images were reflected in the same transparent deep. Now they passed by shaded bendings in the river where wild-fowl sailed lazily, or slept undisturbed on the sedgy bank; now through narrow channels, and anon, like an arrow shot from a full-drawn bow, speeding between bouldering rocks, they rushed down perilous cataracts and out into the broad sweep of tranquil depths below.

The heart of the Irishman was aglow with affectionate regard for his countryman, and as he remembered the mission on which he was engaged, he put fresh confidence in the holy Father's influence, and dipped his blade with right good will. Far other thoughts occupied the swarthy paddler near him. His every stroke left captivity farther behind, and brought the bliss of liberty into closer view. The memories of pinioned limbs and rude buffetings added fresh zest to the inbreathings of native airs fraught with the sweet odours of gummy pines, whose tufted heads seemed to bow in welcome to him as he passed familiar haunts; while the low sighing of the winds through their outspread tasselled arms was as a requiem chanted over years of imprisonment never to return.

On reaching the Indian village the voyagers were met by Henri Le Duc and Dennis O'Hagan. Phelim's joy was unbounded on seeing his old friend. The priest greeted Dennis cordially, expressing as he did so his great pleasure in again meeting his rescuer from the hands of the chief.

"But how was it you were, here alone," he asked, "for no one seemed to know of your whereabouts?"

With few but sad words, O'Hagan informed his comrades that his father was dead, and that he was then on his way to Quebec, where he expected

to obtain passage home to Ireland before the end of the month.

"I have some hopes of taking a bride with me," he said, "and for that reason have loitered a little around these parts. Henri has told me the object of your coming, and now that I have fallen in with such excellent counsellors I may change my plans, which were first to offer White Swan money for the release of my love, and if he refused, then to quietly wait a chance to steal her away."

"Oh, no, my son!" said Jacques, as O'Hagan paused, "do not think of theft in this matter. As I explained to our good friends this morning, I am going to do my utmost to obtain her freedom, and as Henri intimates that the chief is willing to receive me, he and I will go to him forthwith."

In the course of two or three hours Jacques and Le Duc returned with the information that the chief was unwilling to comply with their wishes, and that on the morrow they were all to meet in a friendly council.

"I have a secret feeling," said the priest, "that I know who she is, although I have never seen her in my life. Thirty-five years ago my home was in France, near the famous forest of Fontainebleau, where I fell in love with my cousin, Josephine Disette, a beautiful young woman, as headstrong and worldly as myself. She returned my affection and we were about to be married, when all at once she grew indifferent and declared her preference for one Gabriel Picot, a well-known wine merchant of that place. Some days after this announcement I met her in the woods of Fontainebleau in company with my supplanter, and becoming incensed with the thought of the great wrong she had done me, I snatched from her neck a small tablet that I had previously given her. She screamed and clung to Gabriel, who struck me with his cane, breaking the ornament in two; the smaller piece falling to the ground was picked up by my rival, but the rest I held secure and in a rage turned from them. On hearing of their marriage while I was in

Paris visiting an uncle, I determined to enter holy orders. All my wealth was given to the church and I myself became her devoted son. Seven years ago I arrived in Quebec, where I heard that Gabriel Picot had come to this country with his wife, three sons and little girl Josephine, and that he had been killed. I have not seen them, but from what I have heard from Phelim concerning a piece of ivory which the captive wears, I believe that she is the daughter of my fickle cousin. The Lord avenges His own, my sons, and I will be avenged through this child if my surmise be correct."

"You have interested me very much," said Dennis, as the priest concluded his narration, "but the pendant on Sajo's neck is pearl and not ivory, although it is commonly regarded as such by those who have heard the story of her life."

"Then I feel all the more certain that she is my relative," was the emphatic rejoinder.

On the following morning, leaving Long Snake with a promise to soon return for him, the whites went to the council, where they were received kindly. One by one the Indians dropped in, until the tent was nearly full. After the usual formalities were exchanged White Swan arose and told the priest and his party that it was the purpose of the Ojibwas to retain the prisoner.

"We all love her," said the chief. "The breeze is married to the forest for a few hours, then flies away as the summer bird before the breath of winter, or as dew-drops before the sun; but the Ojibwa remains, and the hand of Omemee shall rest in his. There is peace in our heart for our white brothers."

With countenance stolid as those of the assembled audience Father Jacques replied: "Good chief, there is peace between us; the peace-pipe is often smoked in our camps; our hearts melt for each other when in sorrow, and bound as the deer when joy returns." Then addressing himself to White Swan's followers, he continued: "Many

moons ago the light went out of the sky at noon, when your chief lost his son, Long Snake, while far away in the land of the Hurons the singing of the women and warriors was joyous as they saw and heard of the young captive brought to them as a slave. To-day you will hear his voice again, and the heart of the father will dance as he welcomes him back."

When the chief's son was alluded to Henri went out, the old man's eye following his movements, while a faint smile came over his otherwise marble features. Just before sitting down the priest again appealed strongly for the liberty of the girl, when a withered-looking man stood up, and extending a shaky, bony hand towards the priest, said: "The words of the black-robés are good: the words of the chief are better. We love the pale face; she shall be Long Snake's wife."

To this there was a general grunting of approval on the part of his tribesmen, and White Swan again spoke, saying, with a defiant look, "The speech of our white Father is sweet; the Ojibwas love him, and there is much peace between us; but he mocks us when he says my dead son is alive and with us to-day. If he lives the white girl shall go free; but she must become wife to my lost child, and he shall become chief when I am gone."

"Oh! the haythin spalpane," said Phelim to Dennis, under his breath. "Oh! the desateful, lyin' hippycrit, to say the poor craythur shall go free, and thin, wid a devil's tongue, say she must become an Ojibbyway's squaw. May the Howly Mary help Father Jacques to scare the life out of the owld red-skin, widsome of the picthurs of sarpints and snaiks twistin' round the damned in——." Just here his prayer was cut short by the return of Le Duc, who brought with him the restored youth, whom Jacques took by the hand and led unto his father. For a few moments the chief gazed intently at the young man, then drew him gently to his side, saying: "This is truly my child, my son, Long Snake; he will be glad when he sees his white wife; he will be a

great hunter, a mighty warrior; the scalps of his enemies will hang in his wigwam; his war canoe will be full of braves and cover the waters as leaves in autumn hide the ground in the forests; the Ojibwas will never forget him. Bring in Omemee, that she may say she will have him—or die."

At a signal from the speaker, whose face had grown wrathful and sinister, a painted and feathered warrior stepped out to do his bidding, the Indians showing a gleam of satisfaction in their rigid faces, while the whites were dismayed. Except for the heavy breathing of some of the savages, one might have thought them all statues, so complete was the silence. It was not long, however, before the messenger returned, bringing the captive with him, and gave her a place in the midst of the council. Quietly she stood, habited in Indian costume; round her throat was a simple grass neck-band, from which suspended the charm which the Indians said kept away evil spirits, and preserved her fair complexion, of which they were rather proud. When White Swan resumed his seat, after another menacing speech, Father Jacques was on his feet in an instant. Pointing to the wondering maid, with fierce words he denounced the wickedness of the chief and those associated with him.

"Chief White Swan, if you value the love and friendship of the whites set Omemee free. I claim the girl as mine; she belongs to my family, for we are cousins; and on her breast I see her name. The Good Son of the Great Spirit is hanging there, and, beware, O, chief! lest His voice speaks woes to you and your tribe."

"Our good brother, Father Jacques, loves the Ojibwa brother colder, but his red brother will please him now. If the Great Spirit is here, and if the good Father shows me the Son hanging on Omemee's breast, as he says, she shall go free at once; if he cannot, she must marry my son or die."

As the chief finished these words a leathery-looking medicine-man stood up and expressed his views by saying:

"Our great chief speaks well; his words are those of the true Ojibwa. Let us see the rest of the totem which hangs from the pale face's neck, and I will believe the Great Turtle wishes us to set her free; it will be a sign from a good Puck Wudj Ininee."

"There's no hope now, Dennis," said Henri, "unless Heaven intervenes."

"Och, whirra, murther," groaned Phelim, "Howly Mary, and all the blessed saints! Shure it's in Ireland I'd like to be to wanst."

Soon there was a movement on the part of the priest, who slowly arose and stepped towards the fear-stricken girl, who counted herself as lost, at least to her benefactors. Placing his left hand upon her head, with his right uplifted, the holy prelate spoke as tears ran down his cheeks—"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, and to the Blessed Mary, virgin mother of the Christ our Lord; Josephine, my child, my cousin according to the flesh, in the days of my vanity I vowed to be avenged upon your father and mother for a wrong I considered they had done to me, and now my hour has come. Praise be to the saints."

So great was his emotion he could not speak for a few moments, but stood as one transfixed.

"I hereby redeem you, Josephine, with this sacred relic of my consecrated years."

As he said this he put his hand into his bosom and drew forth a small silken bag, from which he took a heart-shaped piece of pearl, broken at the left-hand top corner. Seizing the charm hanging on the girl's breast he placed the two pieces together, the result being an entire pearl heart, whose central work was a representation of the Crucifixion inlaid in gold, the upper portions showing the words, 'Sancta Maria,' and underneath the figure upon the cross was the name 'Josephine.' The astonishment of all was great. The terrified medicine-man ran howling out of the tent, while White Swan stood speechless as he

gazed upon the wonder and realized that he had fairly lost possession of his prisoner, whom the priest grasped by the hand and escorted to Dennis.

When the chief and his warriors went to Montreal the next spring, they were sought out by Henri Le Duc, who procured for them a speedy sale of their furs; and, besides giving them a few trinkets for their wives and daughters, he handed over a large box containing blankets, guns and ammunition for the chief himself, and articles of clothing and dozens of necklaces and other ornaments for the women of the Ojibwa village on the Otonabee. A short note addressed to the chief conveyed the intelligence that the contents of the box were a gift to him and his

people from Mr. and Mrs. Dennis O'Hagan, who had gone to reside in Ireland. Not only did Dennis remember the Indians, but Phelim also fulfilled his self-imposed agreement with the priest, and was better than his promise. Prior to returning to his native land with the newly-wedded couple, he settled accounts with Le Duc and instructed him, "because of the nate thrick played on owld White Swan," to hand to Father Jacques the sum of one pound ten shillings on behalf of Jerry Nolan's soul; expressing the hope that the offending Jerry would be brought out of purgatory gradually, for as he himself felt satisfied that his countryman would eventually enter paradise, he was inclined to have him journey there by slow stages.

S. R. Allen.

IN APRIL WEATHER.

LONG ago in April weather
 When my heart and I were young,
 When the bending skies were clearer,
 And the bending heavens nearer,
 Laughed my heart and I together
 With the song the robin sung;
 Childhood's heart of innocence,
 Childhood's keener, subtler sense
 Linked the meaning with the music,
 Grasped, untaught, its eloquence.

Ah! the curse of Eve's transgression!
 Duller pulses than the child,
 Fewer heart-throbs, senses colder,
 Tell my heart and I are older,
 Tell of years of slow repression
 Since in dreams the angels smiled.
 O! to hear again each note
 By enchantment set afloat,
 Like linked pearls of music
 From thy palpitating throat!
 But my longing naught avails me,
 Still a subtle something fails me,
 Haunts, eludes, bewilders, fails me,—
 The lost heaven of a child.

Emily McManus.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S SCHOOL SYSTEM.

By the Editor of the Evening Herald of St. John's, Nfld.

AT a time when Canadian people are struggling with the most dangerous political problem that has faced them since confederation, and when the permanence of the Dominion is threatened by the introduction of racial and religious elements into the arena of general politics, it may not be amiss to explain how Newfoundland has escaped the pitfalls that endanger the feet of one of Canada's most promising provinces. All men who desire a peaceful and satisfactory settlement of the Manitoba School Question may find therein material to aid them in their work, for this island, the "Cinderella of British colonies," has succeeded where others have failed in keeping her educational system free from trouble and friction, by adopting the principles of mutual toleration and the recognition of denominational rights. Of what may be termed two evils (though many will doubtless join issue with me there) she chose the lesser; between State schools, with their secularism that frequently degenerates into godlessness, and denominational schools, with their waste of energy and effort, she adopted the latter, thereby promoting peace and concord throughout the land. I do not write as the champion or critic of either system, but merely aim to present the facts as they exist, and permit the reader to draw his own conclusions. The public school, no doubt, has its advantages, in giving a uniformity and high standard of work, but, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the tendency in such institutions is to weaken the interest of clergymen and denominational leaders in the work of educating the youth, which the constant rivalry of sectional schools serves to increase and vivify.

The system in operation in this colony is denominational in its widest and completest sense. Last year, only

the one public school remaining—the Harbor Grace Grammar School—was abolished, and its appropriation included in the general educational vote. From the early '50's, when the concession of Home Rule or Responsible Government was wrung from a reluctant British Ministry, the principle of denominational schools has always been recognized, and until 1875 there were Catholic and Protestant schools in every settlement. For a period anterior to the latter year, differences had been arising between the two leading Protestant bodies, the Anglican and the Methodist, which resulted in the sub-division of the system by maintaining schools for every denomination. By this means the disputes and jealousies of sectaries and the evil purposes of unscrupulous politicians are avoided and the systems loyally upheld by every class and creed in the island. For all practical purposes there are but three denominations to be considered throughout the colony—Catholic, Anglican and Methodist, which rate in population in the order named. The Presbyterians are sufficiently numerous to keep up a school in St. John's, the Congregationalists likewise, and the Salvation Army has lately effected a lodgment in one or two villages.

The total population of the island at the last census, in 1891, was 197,934, and these denominations totalled as follows :

Catholic	-	-	-	72,342
Anglican	-	-	-	68,075
Methodist	-	-	-	52,672

The State provides an annual appropriation or grant for educational purposes, which is based upon the numbers of each denomination, and divided among them on a per capita basis. At present the grant is \$144,000, or, roughly, 75 cents per head of the en-

tire population; and this is made up under the following heads :

General Educational purposes	\$80,736
Destitute districts - - -	5,526
Outpost " - - -	8,133
Training teachers - - -	5,610
Encouraging teachers - - -	5,297
Three Superint'd'ts at \$1,620	4,860
Improvement of Schools - - -	3,000
Catholic College - - -	3,465
Anglican " - - -	3,332
Methodist " - - -	2,537
Presbyterian and Congrega- tional Schools - - -	1,017
Supplementary vote for teach- ers - - - -	20,000
	<hr/> \$143,513

The chief control of the expenditure of these sums lies in the hands of the Superintendents and the several Boards of Education appointed for the various districts into which the island is divided; and the grants are allocated among the denominations proportionately, the pro rata principle being carried out in the allocation for each Board. Thus there may be two or three schools, one for each denomination, in most settlements of any size, and while this works disadvantageously in the smaller places it develops a healthy stimulus to educational advancement in the larger ones.

The three colleges are situated in St. John's, and are managed by the heads of the denominations in the colony; thus, the Catholic college is in charge of a board composed of the bishop, the leading clergy and representative laymen of that faith; the Anglican bishop occupies a similar position with respect to its college; while the President of the Methodist Conference is the official head of the institution provided for that body. The educational district School Boards are each presided over by the clergyman officiating there. The general educational grant, as its name implies, is for general purposes, and is administered by the Education Boards. That for destitute districts goes for sections where the people are unable to provide

schools, and that for outposts to the balance of the island, apart from St. John's, which is the only city we boast.

Each of the three denominations has a superintendent for its schools who inspects and examines them and supervises the educational affairs of that body. Each receives a salary of \$1,620, and has an assistant at \$400. The stipend for the colleges is fixed by law, and grants in aid of the support and training of teachers are provided, at these colleges and at the Catholic convents an allowance of \$100 yearly for males and \$80 for females being made to those desirous of pursuing the profession of teaching. The salary of the teachers is fixed by the means of the Board employing him or her, as the case may be, but within the past few years, they having represented the need of further help in this direction, \$20,000 is voted yearly to be disbursed by the superintendents to the teachers as a supplement to the Board salary, at the rate of \$64 for the first, \$48 for the second, and \$32 for the third grade teachers. In addition to this the vote of \$5,297 is awarded by the superintendents to successful teachers as a bonus in the proportions of \$20, \$12 and \$6 respectively, according to grade. School fees rating from \$1 to \$3 are also to be paid by each pupil yearly, which are either the property of the Board (for school purposes) or may be divided with the teacher, as is agreed between them, and in the better localities this helps to augment the teacher's salary considerably; but in the poorer settlements it is inevitable that the people cannot pay these fees, and the teachers are usually of the lowest grade and but poorly paid. It is impossible to quote the average salaries, because they vary so much with the different districts, but male teachers get from \$250 to \$600, according to grade, and females from \$200 to \$400.

The Boards of Education are always chosen from the most representative men in each district, and their services are given gratuitously. The Boards have extensive powers, the schools, property and effects being vested in

them, with power to lease or purchase buildings or lands for school purposes, the latter being contingent upon the locality paying half the sum needed, when the Board makes good the balance. A pension scheme is provided for teachers, careful regulations are made for the working and governing of schools and the direction of the colleges, and for the granting of scholarships in the principal institutions.

The average results of the system have always been regarded as creditable, when consideration is given to the isolated and scattered condition of the many hamlets that dot our vast coast-line. Though our total population is under 200,000, it is spread over a fringe of coast fully 5,000 miles long, there being not a settlement in the whole island three miles from the sea shore. But the real extent of the progress made was not properly appreciated until the establishment of a central non-sectarian Board four years ago, termed the "Council of Higher Education." The object of this council is to promote sound learning and to advance the interests of higher education by holding examinations and by awarding diplomas, prizes and scholarships to successful candidates at such examinations, and to encourage teachers in the preparation of candidates by awarding them premiums. For these purposes it has a special grant of \$4,000 per year, and this probably gives the best results of any sum expended in the fostering of education in the colony. The council consists of 23 members, 17 nominated by the Government (the denominational proportion being always maintained), and the three superintendents and the headmasters of the three colleges, *ex-officio*. During their workings they have shown a harmony of spirit and purpose, and a cordial desire to advance the welfare of the cause, that merits the most favourable recognition. The inauguration was in 1893, and that year was spent in framing the machinery for the first series of examinations which took place in June, 1894. These were held in most of the principal districts

throughout the island, every school of any importance competing. The element of denominationalism was not recognized at all, and Catholic, Anglican, Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregationalist, each plunged into the struggle, doing its best to show the finest results. The papers had been prepared in England and sent out in sealed packets; they were distributed to the candidates as these sat in the examination rooms, before "watchers" representing each faith; the pupils were known by numbers, which they affixed to their papers, and when these were finished they were gathered up, resealed and returned to England to be gone through and awarded marks by a body of examiners incorporated there for the purpose of conducting such examinations in Great Britain and the colonies. Our examinations were held simultaneously all over the island, and the pupils were divided into two grades, junior and senior, the former embracing children from 11 to 15, the latter from 15 to 17. The junior syllabus includes English Grammar, Spelling, Writing, Literature (Macaulay's "Armada" and Tennyson's "Lady of Chalcott"), Geography and History, Arithmetic and Algebra, Geometry (Book I.), Mensuration, Latin, French, Book-keeping, Chemistry, Physics, Drawing, Domestic Economy, Scripture History, Shorthand, music and school management. The senior grade consisted of a more advanced stage of all these subjects, with the addition of land surveying, mechanics, Greek, German, magnetism and electricity, geometrical drawing, and type-writing. The results of the first year (1894) were: 713 entered, of whom 353, or 50 per cent., passed, 293 juniors and 60 seniors. Denominationally they stood thus:

	Junior.	Senior.	Total.	Percentage of whole.
Catholics . .	146	17	163	46
Anglican . .	56	22	78	22
Methodist . .	91	21	112	31

Out of four senior scholarships of \$80 each, the Catholics won three and

NOTE.—Roughly the Catholics number 36 out of every 100 of the population; Anglicans, 34; Methodists, 26, and minor Protestants 4.

the Methodists one, while the six junior scholarships, of \$60 each, went to the former denomination.

In 1895 the entries numbered 982, and the passes 528, some 54 per cent., 412 being juniors and 116 seniors:

	Junior.	Senior.	Total.	Percentage of whole.
Catholic.....	228	54	282	53
Anglican.....	70	25	95	18
Methodist.....	114	37	151	28

The Catholics had two senior and five junior scholarships, and the Methodists two senior and three juniors.

This year, 1896, a higher grade, "associate in arts," was instituted, details of which will be found below. In all 971 pupils wrote, of whom 614, or 63 per cent., passed, 473 junior, 123 senior and 18 "A.A.":

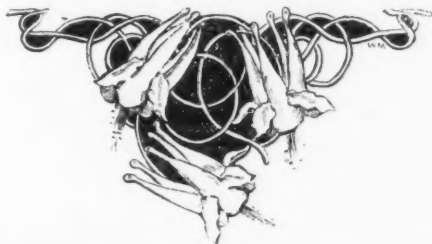
	Jun.	Sen.	"A.A."	Total.	Percentage of whole.
Catholic.....	270	43	5	318	51
Anglican.....	90	32	6	128	21
Meth'dist.....	113	48	7	168	27

The Catholics had *the one* associate, one senior and four junior scholarships, the Anglicans one senior and one junior, and the Methodists two senior and one junior.

That these local examinations are not simple may be understood from the fact that 13 of those who entered for the "A.A." also went in for the matriculation at London University, and 10 passed: 7 Methodist, 2 Catholic, and 1 Anglican. These 10 from Newfoundland were more than from all the other dependencies of the Brit-

ish Empire. This higher education movement may be said to be only in its infancy yet, and the benefits of these three years' operations will not be realized fully until the generation of teachers produced by its means shall have had a chance to transplant their fruits to the minds of the children they are set over. The most marked effect to-day is in the levelling up of educational work, the widening of the aims and scope of the different schools, the tolerance and mutual respect engendered, and the healthy rivalry caused by the efforts of each denomination to make the best possible showing. The advance in the educational status is largely due to the introduction of the Irish Christian Brothers to teach the Catholic Boys' Schools in St. John's, some 18 years ago. These gentlemen have effected quite a revolution in school improvement, and none recognise and admit their ability more readily than the other denominations, which have profited largely by the spur they have given all round. The educational future of the colony is regarded by those interested as most hopeful, and certainly every atom of influence that churchmen and statesmen can exert in behalf of the betterment of our people in this respect is being applied to that end. We hold that, while there is much to be done to reach an ideal standard, we may not unreasonably claim for our present system that its results warrant the annual expenditure.

P. T. McGrath.



THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC AND THE EARLY AMERICAN REVOLUTION: A REPLY.

By the Assistant Professor of European History in the University of Wisconsin.

A RECENT number of "The Canadian Magazine" contains a review by Dr. J. G. Bourinot of my late monograph which seems to call for some comment from me. For though an author is rarely justified in thrusting his grievances with regard to his critics upon the public at large, in this case the matters in which critic and author are at variance seem to be of interest sufficiently general to warrant such a procedure. They are matters in regard to which Dr. Bourinot's statements will be accepted by many as authoritative; it is hence all the more incumbent on the author who is assailed to point out that the present utterances of this authority are neither fair to the book reviewed nor of weight with regard to the points at issue.

For, unfortunately, I must accuse Dr. Bourinot of disregarding some of the canons of just and scientific criticism. Not only has he, directly and indirectly, largely misrepresented the author he was expected to judicially review, but he has chosen to greet with a political invective a serious and wholly non-political piece of historical research in regard to Canadian institutional origins. That investigation is practically ignored by an historical student whose own work is supposed to lie pre-eminently in the same field; having read the preface and skipped 300 pages to the conclusion, he discovers that some remarks in the latter show an inveterate prejudice with regard to the French Canadians, and launches out dogmatically in defence of the injured race. This is, of course, a style of review that is common enough; but one has a right to look for better things from Dr. Bourinot. Still less could one anticipate that it would be here combined with a degree

of misrepresentation to which the most irresponsible of modern reviewers rarely attains.

My critic begins with a brief and imperfect summary of my conclusions. As a part of this he quotes the statement that the Quebec Act "has been fatal to Anglo-Saxon domination and to political unity in modern Canada through the continued and magnified existence there of an alien and hostile nationality, rooted in and bound up with an alien and hostile ecclesiastical domination," (the words "fatal" and "hostile" being italicized throughout without any indication that the italicizing is not mine). This professedly exact citation, placed within quotation marks, is largely incorrect. What I do say is this (p. 533): after referring to "those most serious obstacles" which, in my opinion, had been placed in the way of Canadian development through the provisions and the policy of the Quebec Act, I add: "They are the obstacles presented to Anglo-Saxon domination etc," (as above). The degree of carelessness (for such, of course, I assume it to be) here shown unhappily pervades the whole article. Almost immediately following this Dr. Bourinot proceeds to contend, in assumed opposition to my position, that "as a matter of fact, no more sweeping assertions, no finely-spun or ingeniously-constructed argument, can conceal the truth that the [Quebec] Act was in its origin one of justice to the French Canadian people," and that "No one can doubt the spirit of justice that prompted the English Government in passing it." Now, "as a matter of fact," this is precisely what I have attempted to show throughout; one of my main positions in regard to the measure is that instead of being (as

has been usually asserted), in the main merely a part of a general policy of colonial repression, it would seem to have had practically no connection with such a policy, and to have been framed with reference only to the wishes and peculiar interests of the French Canadians. It is difficult to see how even the reader of only my preface and conclusion could have so misunderstood me; for in the former I assert (p. 5), that "An examination of the antecedents of the Act will establish the conviction that the main desire of the authors of the measure was to further the security and prosperity of the province and fulfil treaty obligations towards the French Canadians;" and in the latter, in addition to other remarks of the same tendency, I point out (p. 532) that in the Parliamentary debates on the Quebec Bill in 1774, "the position that the French Canadians alone were to be considered, and the neglect or disregard of the English element or prospects" are marked features throughout in regard to both of the great political parties.

With a sublime indifference to the matter of evidence my critic proceeds next to disprove my conclusions in regard to the more immediate results of the Quebec Act, by the simple process of dogmatically repeating the old assertions about it. In his opinion it was "the saving of the Province to England" in the Revolution; no further proof of this can be called for than the simple fact "that Canada was saved to England when the old thirteen colonies became independent"; it is "to the clergy and the leading seigneurs that Canada owed her safety." Manifestly it is impossible for me to repeat here the evidence I have brought forward to overthrow these hoary-headed errors; I will content myself with quoting as to it the judgment of another of my Canadian critics, Professor Shortt, of Queen's University.* Professor Shortt

cannot be called partial inasmuch as he is also, on most points, my vigorous (though very superficial) opponent; fortunately, however, in the multitude of my adverse critics there is safety. For this one admits that, "The evidence brought forward shows most conclusively that the Quebec Act had the very opposite effect from what was so confidently expected: that, while securing the adherence of the *noblesse* and the higher ranks at least of the clergy, it thoroughly alienated the great mass of the French Canadian people." The support of the clergy and *noblesse* I have indeed fully admitted; but I have maintained that the English Government was sure of such a support without the Quebec Act, and that in the crisis this support was found of small moment. For the facts show that the *noblesse* were then (much to Carleton's amazement) discovered to have no influence, and that the influence of the clergy was found to have been in main measure paralyzed by the provision of the Quebec Act, which had again laid on the people the burden of compulsory tithes. Without the Act the old ruling classes, there is every reason to believe, would have taken precisely the same attitude, and the people would not have been exposed to the influences (as to tithes and as to the dreaded revival of feudal conditions) which ranged them on the side of invaders.

In this connection, I am further accused by Dr. Bourinot of "even undertaking to eulogize those English residents of Quebec and Montreal many of whom were ready to sell their country to the American rebels." I have undertaken nothing of the sort; the most casual reader ought to perceive that I have tried to show that these English residents are to be grouped in two clearly defined sections—a very small one which finally joined the Revolutionists; and the much larger one which, though ranged during the ear-

*In *Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada, 1897*, p. 71. I regret that my limited space prevents me from dealing here with Prof. Shortt's views; it would be very easy to point out their entire inadequacy. Meanwhile those interested will find the letters on which he depends, and from which he makes very misleading citations, printed in full in the *Report on the Canadian*

Archives for 1888, pp. 41-50; it will be manifest from their study that Carleton has in view merely the defence of the Province against French attempts to reconquer it. Prof. Shortt's use of his material, it must be said, reflects most seriously upon either his care or his candour. (See especially the *Résumé*, p. 50, for his total error in respect to Hillsborough's reply to Carleton, Jan. 4, 1769)

lier years under the leadership of the other in a common struggle for English institutions, refused, when the revolutionary crisis came, to follow that leadership any longer, and valiantly fought under Carleton against them and the Revolutionary invaders. In other words, taking into account the peculiar conditions of the Province of Quebec, we have here practically the same division as in the other provinces is marked by the terms Revolutionists and Loyalists. The special opposition to the Quebec Act led the latter party in Quebec further perhaps than the corresponding one elsewhere; but that it did not lead them to rebellion is shown, among other things, by the fact (which Dr. Bourinot should make a note of as against his first revision of the "Story of Canada") that while there is no ground for giving to the town of Quebec during the siege more than three hundred male adults of this class, the official returns of the defending force include for November 16th, 1775, "200 British militia," and for May 1st, 1776, "277 British militia." (Canadian Archives, vol. 12, p. 25). How small, on the other hand, was the Revolutionary section of the English party, is shown by the fact that an official document of a later time which gives a list "of the principal persons settled in the province who very zealously served the rebels in the winter 1775-6" mentions only twenty-eight individuals. (Ibid., vol. 13, p. 106). I have not eulogized the party opposed to the Quebec Act; I have simply endeavoured to do it a justice long delayed by freeing it from the indiscriminate slandering of the official reports. For, apart from the demands of historical justice, the matter became of importance in view of the fact that the erroneous ideas about this element which swayed the home government formed one of the factors in the genesis of the unfortunate Quebec Act.

Dr. Bourinot poses, as I have said, as the champion of the French Canadians, and in his zeal exposes himself to the charge of making his article very largely an appeal to racial passions. In his view my book shows

"an inveterate prejudice" against that maligned people past and present—a prejudice which must, of course, have been acquired from that *bête noire* of the good Canadian, Goldwin Smith. In view of this charge it is perhaps rather odd that the only French Canadian review of my book that I have seen should remark, "Il [the author] nous rend justice et est animé de bons sentiments à notre égard." (*Le Courrier du Livre*, Quebec, August, 1896.) Odd too, that Prof. Shortt should credit me with "striving to maintain a completely unbiased and conscientious attitude towards the actors upon the stage." The standpoint of my critic in this charge of racial prejudice and injustice is, we may presume, accurately enough displayed in the curious argument that my conclusions do not accord with the ideas of "the leading people of French Canada, who have thoroughly studied their past and have been brought up to comprehend the traditions and sentiments of their forefathers." Conclusions reached "in the serene retirement of an American University" must of necessity be already condemned in the opinion of patriotic and fair-minded Canadians, who know their history and are not biased. These ideas are surely interesting if peculiar; interesting for the light they throw on the learned critic's mental processes and on his conceptions as to how history should be written. It remains only for Dr. Bourinot to take us further into his confidence by informing us that his "Story of Canada" was compiled from the publications of the Folk-lore Society.

The audacious writer who has thus presumed to question the accuracy of the traditions of the French Canadians proceeds, our critic asserts, to "serenely suggest the anglicising of French Canada in 1774, and stimulating discontent and revolt, instead of giving the people a guarantee of justice and security to [their] institutions." He would "have treated 80,000 or 90,000 people as aliens dangerous to the public welfare and probably have suggested another expatriation like that of the

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unhappy Acadians." This caricature of my position compels me to enter into a particular defence of the expressions I have used and to show what it is I do suggest. But I must first insist again that my book is not a political pamphlet. In aim and method it is strictly historical and objective; and it is not my least quarrel with my present critic that, by ignoring this historical character his whole article becomes a general misrepresentation. I have in reality dealt mainly with hard facts, but little in suggestion, and have made only passing reference to modern politics. But as a Canadian, and one who, less happily constituted and less delicately situated than the Clerk of Her Majesty's Commons, has been unable to shut his eyes to the serious racial and religious problems that have long complicated and do still complicate Canadian development, I have been led to append to my book a few concluding inferences as to the unhappy more remote results of the Quebec Act. It is to these that Dr. Bourinot devotes his attention.

I think I need scarcely delay long on the question whether the problems to which I have referred, and which Dr. Bourinot ignores, have existed or do now exist. Nor shall I recede from that expression of the main factors in these problems which has especially moved my critic to denounce me as animated by "an inveterate prejudice;" that, in regard to Anglo-Saxon ascendancy and to political unity, Canada has been and is still impeded by the "continued and magnified existence of an alien and hostile nationality, rooted in and bound up with an alien and hostile ecclesiastical domination." These words were written before the late general election, but I am not yet prepared to accept that event as invalidating any part of them. The only point in which they could be supposed to be thus affected is in regard to the ecclesiastical domination asserted. We are told that lay French Canadians have now shown unmistakably their political independence of the religious authorities. But to hastily concede even this

would be to lose sight of the powerful counter influences exerted in this case by the position of Mr. Laurier as a French Canadian and a good Catholic, as well as of the very ambiguous methods ascribed to the Liberal candidates in the Province of Quebec. It may still, perhaps, be contended that there was in most cases no square issue between these candidates and the authorities of the Church in Quebec on the question of a Remedial Bill, inasmuch as most, if not all, of the former seem to have been on record in the line of the episcopal demands. One may still be permitted to believe that if the issue had been a clearer one, and if the Liberal cause had had an English and Protestant leader, the response of the French Canadian electorate might have been very different. It may, perhaps, further be asserted that the history of the Liberal Ministry since this election is not calculated to dismiss from the minds of thoughtful Canadians the idea of the dominating presence of the Church of Rome in the Province of Quebec. Whether or not that Ministry has, directly or indirectly, made an appeal to the Vatican in connection with the school question, or as against the Quebec hierarchy, it seems tolerably certain that the Papal authority is with its concurrence being brought to bear at this very hour in an important manner upon Canadian politics.

But after all this is a minor matter; the support of my statement does not require me to trace the dubious paths of present politics. The fact in question does not depend upon a single political manifestation, nor, indeed, largely upon manifest politics at all. Even conceding that in this instance a majority of French Canadians have trusted their own political leaders as against the religious authorities in a dispute as to the best method of obtaining a result desired by all, is it to be thence concluded that there is no such thing as an ecclesiastical domination in the Province of Quebec? Can it be conceived that this reference to the Vatican or the methods of Episcopal intimidation which have occasioned

it could have taken place in regard to a country where such a domination was not a long-established, long-accepted fact? We find these bishops indulging in methods of political interference which are, I believe, subject to punishment by the civil courts; has there been a single instance of resort to these courts on the part of the victims? Can it be denied that for decades the Church in Quebec has been recognized as the power behind the throne? Can it be denied that, apart altogether from the resources it legitimately has in that willing veneration and obedience on the part of the French Canadian people which has led to Quebec being styled the most Catholic country in the world, the Church of Rome in that Province has long possessed, and possesses to-day, material means of influence to which, in proportion, a parallel can scarcely be discovered? I could, did space allow, deal in statistics; I might quote the testimony of scores of impartial and astonished travellers; but as I am convinced the point needs no argument, I will content myself with simply referring to some of the latest statements of Dr. Bourinot himself. In his recent "Story of Canada" (c. 29) the vast material resources of the Church are emphasized; we are told that everywhere is shown "the desire of the French Canadians to glorify and perpetuate it by every means in their power." The amusements and the mental food of the people, Dr. Bourinot declares, have long been and are still jealously supervised by that Church; the priests "control the public school system" and the religious orders the colleges and universities. This is an incomplete statement of the facts; but if even this does not imply for Dr. Bourinot an ecclesiastical domination, it would be interesting to know what he understands by the term.

So much for the fact of such a domination in Quebec. If the fact be admitted I think I need not delay on a justification of my use of the terms "alien and hostile" in regard to it. The words are used with reference to Anglo-Saxon predominance and to

political unity in the development of Canada either as a British possession, or as an independent State of which the main element must always be Anglo-Saxon. Dr. Bourinot is a student of Anglo-Saxon institutions; it surely should require no argument to prove to him that any ecclesiastical domination is *per se*, in its very essence, alien and hostile to the Anglo-Saxon spirit and to the whole course of Anglo-Saxon social and political development. It is not to the point to tell us that the Church of Rome has been and is a support to British power in Canada. If it has been so it is because that power has, apparently, been in the past favourable to the abnormal position of the Church; it remains the fact that such a position is alien to the whole British spirit and to the best phases of British history, and that it is a position not compatible with the profitable and peaceable continuance of Quebec in a common political development with communities of Anglo-Saxon blood and ideals.

Let us pass to the second part of my statement. Does it show an "inveterate prejudice" to assert that, from the standpoint I have chosen, there exists in French Canada "an alien and hostile nationality?" That French Canadian nationality is a political fact does not, I presume, need proof, even for Dr. Bourinot. For we are told by himself in the year 1896, that "*Nos institutions, notre langue, et nos lois* has been the keynote of French Canadian politics for over a century." (Story of Canada, p. 431). Neither, I presume, need the word "alien" delay us. As to whether I am justified in the use of the word "hostile," in regard to that nationality, must be considered here in view of the limitations of my use. To what is it hostile? To "Anglo-Saxon domination and to political unity in modern Canada." Further, the word does not necessarily imply here a conscious and active hostility. Many people would, indeed, support me did I contend that the word is justified without any limitations; many French Canadians will at this hour admit it.

Dr. Bourinot must know that there is not a week's issue of the French Canadian press, nor a season's utterances of French Canadian politicians, from which I could not quote what might seem abundant evidence of the correct use of the term without restriction; must know, too, that an abundance of such evidence might be furnished from more deliberate utterances than those of the newspaper or the stump. In what light, for example, is the reader to understand the following statement from, perhaps, the most prominent of modern French Canadian literary men, as to what he calls the natural and inevitable hostility of the French and English races in Canada? "It is," he says, "that hostility which arises from the distinctive character of two races that differ in religion, language, habits, customs, sympathies, aspirations, and even in physical externals; that involuntary hostility which springs more from sensation than interest; that comes neither from the heart nor from the head, and which outleaps the boundaries of reason, because it dwells not in individuals but in the masses; that hostility, in short, which is born from the juxtaposition of two different nationalities on the same sod—like two lovers before the same woman—one of whom must some day win; a natural, fatal, inevitable, and almost legitimate hostility, because it is the consequence of that universal law of nature, the struggle for life." (Louis Fréchette, in *Forum*, November, 1893). Will Dr. Bourinot pronounce as to the degree of "inveterate prejudice" toward his own people which this distinguished French Canadian displays in these sentences?

How many other French Canadians of all classes and periods he would have to brand in the same way I need not stay to point out. For I do not insist here upon the use of the term without limitations; I will confine myself to the precise statement my critic has attacked. And I contend that in the connection in which I have used the word 'hostile,' I am justified in that use if the individual existence

and aims (or, let us say, ideals) of the French Canadian nationality can be shown to be *detrimental* to "Anglo-Saxon domination and political unity in modern Canada." And I cannot believe that it needs an argument to show that. Even, indeed, without that definite and conscious clinging to a separate national existence, which so often in the past has brought, and which, most probably, will again in the future bring, French and English into sharp racial hostility fraught with the greatest peril, I contend that the word would be justified with reference alone to the unprogressive character of the mass of the French Canadian people. Praiseworthy as are the individual qualities displayed amongst that people, interesting and admirable as is so much in their daily life, the plain fact still remains, and may surely be spoken without ill-will, that the French Canadian mass has been hitherto an inert and unprogressive one. As such it may be said to be, with reference to the best Canadian development, a detrimental, a *hostile* factor.

The third assertion in my sentence is conveyed in the assumption that this alien and hostile nationality is "rooted in and bound up with" this alien and hostile ecclesiastical domination. No one who has followed the history of the Church of Rome in the New France of the old régime or in the modern Province of Quebec should need to have this assumption elaborated for him. The close connection it implies is one of the most evident facts in Canadian history, and has never, I think, been before questioned; I do not believe that Dr. Bourinot means to question it now. The Church as a French Canadian one has been ever imbued with and has ever assiduously fostered all the elements of French nationality; as the leader of the French Canadian people it has largely built its supremacy upon those elements and has grown with their growth. It is not the place here to more than point out, in addition, that this position is one of the disastrous results of the Quebec Act. Not, indeed, an inevit-

able result; as a matter of fact, the modern status of the Church of Rome in the Province of Quebec has no sufficient support in that Act, but has been acquired since, in direct opposition to its intent, as a very important part of that long course of revived French development of which the Quebec Act was the basis. In other words, the assumptions from which that measure proceeded, and the position in which it placed the Province with respect to the English elements, were made by the Church the starting-point of a brilliant course of aggrandizement; that Church becoming therein identified with the revived national feelings and forces whose growth bore it in turn triumphantly onward.

But what has all this to do with the Quebec Act, and by what reason could an historical investigation of its origins be concluded with the statements discussed above? Simply this: that I have tried to show that these modern conditions, in so far as they have reference to the element of danger furnished in French and ecclesiastical Quebec, are in main degree the direct result of the policy of which the Quebec Act of 1774 was at once the first manifestation and the controlling basis. Dr. Bourinot is not satisfied to defend the necessity and expediency of that measure, to maintain its efficacy in the rescue of the province from the grasp of the Revolution; if his words mean anything, he contends also for its wisdom with reference to the whole after-course of Canadian political development. One may, he thinks, "question the wisdom of the Constitutional Act of 1791," but not that of the Quebec Act. And why may the wisdom of the Constitutional Act be questioned? Because, forsooth, it separated English and French "instead of creating one large province where the two races would eventually be equalized, and where opportunities of assimilating customs and understanding each other would have been greater than under the plan actually followed." This remark is deserving of some consideration. It is, in the first place, a state-

ment made in sublime disregard of the historical facts that the one large province which should have been created already existed, having been created by the Quebec Act, and that it was the very difficulties between French and English which came from its existence under that Act that led to the Constitutional Act. In other words, Dr. Bourinot conveniently loses sight of these earlier difficulties because they constitute an exceedingly awkward fact with respect to his defence of the wisdom of the Quebec Act; but being unable to so heroically ignore the latter ones, he attributes them wholly to the Constitutional Act of 1791.

This is a course of reasoning hardly creditable to a life-long student of Canadian history. It will lead our critic to further embarrassment. The difficulties, or unsatisfactory development, of which the blame is here thrown wholly on the Constitutional Act, are evidently, if anything, those of the non-assimilation of French and English—in other words, of the maintenance and development of French nationality. If so, we have here a tacit acknowledgment of those detrimental aspects of French Canadian nationality which I have above contended warrant the expressions I have used. But further, we have here an extraordinary ignoring of the fact that this separate nationality owes fundamentally its modern basis and vigorous development, not to the Constitutional Act but to the Quebec Act; that with regard to the protecting policy adopted by the British Government as to that nationality, the Act of 1791 was merely a continuation of the one of 1774. It was such as being in essence simply a preservation to the French Canadians (as against the assaults of the English element) of the fundamental rights which had been secured to them by the Quebec Act. It is this which is the French Canadian's *Magna Charta*, not the Constitutional Act; if the maintenance of French nationality be an evil, the blame attaches fundamentally to the earlier measure. Dr. Bourinot himself expresses this in his "Story of Canada," in the state-

ment that the Quebec Act "was the foundation of the large political and religious liberties which French Canada has ever since enjoyed." The Constitutional Act of 1791 was undoubtedly an unhappy one; but it was so simply because it re-expressed with additional emphasis and new application the policy of 1774. Dr. Bourinot's reference to continuing French and English in one province is made without any recognition of the insuperable obstacles to such a continued fusion in the face of the provisions of the Quebec Act. These provisions could then be modified so as to meet the wishes of the English element only with a degree of bitterness and injustice infinitely greater than that which would have attended the giving an Anglo-Saxon complexion to the province in the first place. How evident and great these obstacles were in 1791 is shown by Pitt's declaration, that "He had made the division of the province essential because he could not otherwise reconcile their [*i.e.*, English and French] clashing interests." (*Parl. Hist.* XXIX., 404).

Let us now consider for a moment more definitely how the influences of the Quebec Act, and the policy it embodied, may be traced in later history and connected with modern conditions. In Dr. Bourinot's "History of Canada," the reader will find a contrast noted between the rapid disappearance of French aspects in Louisiana and their continued preservation in the Province of Quebec. But, though noting this contrast, it does not seem to have occurred to the author to suppose that it was in any degree due to the different policies which have been followed in regard to these two French colonies, estranged from France at the same time, likely it would seem to develop in the same way. It was not till nearly a half century later than Quebec that Louisiana came under Anglo-Saxon domination; yet long before the present day the contrast between the conditions of the two countries had drawn the attention of observers. Listen to Lord Durham on the point in the year 1839. His

official report declares that by that year in Louisiana, "the end . . . of securing an English predominance over a French population has undoubtedly been attained. The influence of perfectly equal and popular institutions in the effacing distinctions of race without disorder or oppression, and with little more than the ordinary animosities of party in a free country, is memorably exemplified in the history of the State of Louisiana, the laws and population of which were French at the time of its cession to the American Union." And, as I will show in a moment, the Imperial High Commissioner proceeds to maintain that the history of Quebec, under a proper policy, ought even by that time to have run the same course. It is very evident that the methods and the degree of anglicising which he thought not only possible and proper, but the only statesmanlike course, are much more advanced than those which I have pointed out, and on account of which my critic represents me as having suggested "stimulating discontent and revolt," and as probably aiming at "another expatriation like that of the unhappy Acadians." The intelligence and justice of this representation can best be judged through a quotation of the words which I actually used. It is a passage which appears to Dr. Bourinot merely "idle speculation." The term shows the different standpoints of author and critic. That of the latter is the standpoint of practical politics; whereas the author, having presented the results of a purely historical inquiry, proceeds to briefly justify its minuteness by showing the close connection of its subject with modern conditions. The passage is as follows (p. 533):

"The Quebec Act has two aspects with regard to which we must consider it: (1) The temporary and long past one, now of purely historical interest, of its various connections with the American revolutionary crisis; and (2) the permanent living one, of strong interest to every student of institutions and of vital interest to every modern Canadian, of its effects on the after history of British North America, of its place in the development of that great commonwealth which the Dominion of Canada seems destined to become. If it does become such it will only be after sur-

mounting, mayhap at great cost, those most serious obstacles which, placed in its path by that Imperial policy of which the Quebec Act was the controlling basis, have grown steadily with its growth. They are the obstacles presented to Anglo-Saxon domination and to political unity in modern Canada through the continued and magnified existence there of an alien and hostile nationality, rooted in and bound up with an alien and hostile ecclesiastical domination.

"This opinion is my apology for the care with which I have dwelt upon the more purely institutional aspects of the period. I have tried to present a full statement of the social and political conditions of the province during the early years of the British occupation, in the belief that it is only by their study that we can claim to pass judgment upon their treatment. The misfortune for the country of the non-assimilation of French and English through these 130 years of common political existence in British North America has, of course, been frequently dwelt upon; but it has usually been in a tone of resignation to those mysterious dispensations of Providence which made the Quebec Act an unavoidable necessity, and would have made any other course then, or any counter course since, disastrous and impossible. What else could have been done, we are asked—usually with extravagant laudation of the humanity and generosity of the British Government in thus pursuing the only path open to it. It has been one of my objects to try and show that something else, something very different, *could* have been done; that the policy adopted with such far-reaching and disastrous consequences was precisely also the one that was the most dangerous with regard to the conditions of the moment. It is no part of the historian's (and certainly not of the special investigator's) task to enter upon constructive work, to replace everything that he has pulled down; and therefore I do not feel called upon to go into particulars with regard to the possible legislation of 1774. But I do not wish to evade the problem; it should be manifest from the above examination that the alternative course was simply to set the new English province firmly and definitively upon an *English*, instead of a *French*, path of development. As shown above, the way was clearly pointed out by other advisers as well qualified to speak as those whose advice was taken in 1774. I know that in this our age of highly-defined and all-pervading nationality, this apparently light-hearted and reckless treading upon the holy ground of national development may bring down upon me the severest censures. But my critics will remember that we are dealing with another age, one in which nationality was not the breath of the political nostril, one in which new and alien acquisitions were absorbed and assimilated as an everyday process. And I hope I shall not be further reproached with a slavish respect for legal enactment in attaching the importance I do to the legislation, actual and possible, of

1774. A measure which determines the ecclesiastical conditions and the whole civil code of a people is surely not to be spoken of lightly; but I regard it only as the first step in a progress which under its pressure became the inevitable one, as the opening of an easy and secure path, and the providing of encouraging and helpful guides in a journey for which no other route or guide was available.

"It may seem that it is to place too much emphasis on the effect of the Quebec Act even to represent it as the first step in a development which it made inevitable. The matter is one which I do not feel at liberty to stop and discuss fully here; but some considerations must be briefly referred to. The main one has regard to the probably different history of early English colonization in the Province of Quebec if the British Government in 1774 had not so avowedly and definitely handed it over to a French future. In the discussions in Parliament and out with regard to that measure, both before and after its enactment, we find that its advocates insist with strong self-righteousness, that in Canada it is the French Canadian only who is to be considered; that the small English section there has scarcely a right to be heard; that Canada (as Carleton had urged) was French and destined to remain French; that it was probably for the interest of Great Britain to discountenance any large English admixture. This view I have shown above was no doubt largely due to the incorrect ideas which Murray and Carleton had fostered with regard to the origin and character of the English already in the Province. Whatever its full explanation the tone is unmistakable. It may be considered a part of the striking inadequacy of the prevailing British mind at that time to the Imperial position that had so wonderfully come to the nation; an inadequacy which was being most generally shown in the petty legality and short-sighted selfishness that were marking all the relations with the older colonies. What I wish especially to call attention to here is the effect that this attitude and its results already in Quebec must have had at the close of the war upon those who were compelled to seek refuge from the victorious colonists in other parts of the British dominions. These United Empire Loyalists were of the same temper, I have shown above, as the English already resident in Quebec; even if the Quebec Act did not fill them with the same lively apprehension of tyranny that it aroused in these and in the revolting colonists, it must yet have been in a high degree obnoxious. The immediate effect is doubtless in a very considerable degree expressed in the fact that of the 50,000 Loyalists (approximately) who settled in the remaining British Provinces during and within a few years after the war, only about one-fifth chose the oldest and presumably much the most attractive part of the country. And of those who did choose the Province of Quebec, practically none, it would seem, elected to settle amongst the French Canadians (where previous to the new con-

stitution a large amount of land had been eagerly taken possession of by their compatriots), but went instead (though by no means of the pioneer type) into the untrodden wilderness. It is true that by so doing they did not escape the dominion of the new order of things, for they remained subject to the Quebec Act till 1792; but they could hope thereby to reduce the necessary evil to a minimum (as proved to be the case), and to build up with greater prospects of success the active opposition to it that they at once entered upon.

"What would have been the consequences at the time of this migration of the existence in Quebec of a constitution, not indeed wholly English either in fact or promise, but with an English admixture sufficient to afford a working basis and a guarantee with regard to the line of development? It can scarcely be doubted that the English immigration into the Province would have been so largely increased that the balance of population would thereby have been at once in considerable degree redressed. As a result, a security would have been thereby provided that all the English conditions that had already obtained would be upheld with accelerating influence, and that development would proceed mainly along that line. The large degree of influence that had been so rapidly gained by the few English over the French Canadian masses, in the period 1763-1774, would probably have steadily increased; the new French Canadian native leaders, who had already shown a very considerable degree of knowledge of and aptitude for English conditions, would have coalesced more and more with the English element; the whole history of Quebec and Canada would, in short, have run a different course. As it was, we find that the Quebec Act bestows on the Province, even from the French standpoint, only misfortune; that under it the law is uncertain and its administration almost anarchy; that the English and French enter, with the addition to the numbers of the former after the war, on a period of bitter political strife; that finally, in 1791, the British Government, while pacifying the main body of the English discontents by forming them into a new province, at the same time continues and confirms the policy of 1774, with apparently a more conscious purpose of such a use of the French nationality as might perhaps be justly expressed in the maxim, *divide et impera*. It was a development of the Quebec Act policy that was largely due to the intervening Revolutionary War, but such a development was possible only on the basis of that Act and the results of its seventeen years' operation. It denotes the unaccountable persistence in the British mind of the idea as to the efficacy of the measure in preserving the Province from the grasp of the revolutionists, and a determination to guard against similar danger in the future by keeping to and developing this line of action. As Lord Durham expressed it (officially) in 1839, 'The system of Government pursued in Lower Canada has been

based on the policy of perpetuating that very separation of the races, and encouraging these very notions of conflicting nationalities which it ought to have been the first and chief care of Government to check and extinguish. From the period of the Conquest to the present time the conduct of the Government has aggravated the evil, and the origin of the present extreme disorder may be found in the institutions by which the character of the colony was determined.' The 'extreme disorder' referred to was the result of the fact that by the Act of 1791 the way was left clear within the Province of Quebec for that period of embittered resistance on the part of the small English minority which was to end in civil war, and in the vain attempt of 1840 to undo the work of the previous sixty-six years by stifling the French majority in a reunion with the English mass of Upper Canada. What degree of responsibility for this crisis of race hostility rested on the policy definitely inaugurated in 1774 and confirmed in 1791, is forcibly shown above in the words of the special Imperial Commissioner who was sent out in 1838 to deal with that crisis. His report further points out how from the Conquest 'the continued negligence of the British Government left the mass of the people without any of the institutions which might have elevated them in freedom and civilization. It has left them without the education and without the institutions of local self-government that would have assimilated their character and habits, in the easiest and best way, to those of the Empire of which they became a part.' The evil policy of 1774 was, he adds, adhered to in 1791, when, 'instead of availing itself of the means which the extent and nature of the province afforded for the gradual introduction of such an English population into the various parts as might have easily placed the French in a minority, the Government deliberately constituted the French into a majority, and recognized and strengthened their distinct national character. Had the sounder policy of making the province English in all its institutions been adopted from the first and steadily persevered in, the French would probably have been speedily outnumbered, and the beneficial operation of the free institutions of England would never have been impeded by the animosities of origin.' And as noticed above, he points to the history of Louisiana as an example of what might and should have been done.

"It, therefore, does not seem an extreme view to regard the great difficulties that have beset English rule in Canada, as well as the grave problems that still confront the Dominion, as a natural and logical development from the policy of the Quebec Act. . . . Apart from speculation or the consideration of national or natural rights, my judgment of that Act and my opinion as to alternative measures must rest upon the facts which I have brought forward. I have tried to show that in ten years of British civil rule, the French Canadian had advanced steadily in the comprehen-

sion of English principles of society and government, and had lived in prosperity and fair contentment; that by 1774 he was ready for a compromise civil code which might have left him the principles of the regulation of landed property to which he was most wedded, and yet have proclaimed itself as an *English* code, the starting-point of English accumulation. This would have established a system which, with regard to land, would not from the very beginning have been without analogy in England itself at that period, and which on all other important sides, including procedure, would have been exclusively English in spirit, substance, and development. With this aspect the Province could not have presented to English-speaking immigrants at the close of the American war (or later) the forbidding features that it did present under French law. The grant of representative institutions and the fostering of local self-government would naturally accompany the English legal aspect. Connected with this settlement there might have been, and would almost necessarily have been, an avoidance of those other features of the Quebec Act settlement which I have shown above were objectionable to the mass of the people, and the only discoverable causes of their disloyalty in the American invasion. With a system distinctly and avowedly English in spirit and substance, there would have been no room for those fears as to a reversion to the old feudal order which so aroused the peasantry, and consequently no field of labor for the revolutionary agitator; in the absence of the so-called establishing of the Church there would have been lacking that most distasteful re-fastening upon them of compulsory tithes. In other words, without any conceivable antagonizing on other grounds of the ordinary French Canadian, there would have been avoided all those aspects of the Act by which alone can be explained the hostile attitude of the *habitant* during the war; while the greatest of all steps would have been taken for the preserving of the future from the racial hostility and alien institutions. The various lines along which anglicising might for the future have proceeded can be as easily imagined as described; the way of every one was effectually barred by the Quebec Act."

These references to modern conditions can be properly criticized only in connection with the investigation of the origins and immediate results of the Constitution of 1774, on which they are founded. As to being dictated in any degree by race prejudice, I can only assert my unconsciousness of such a factor. In pointing out, for example, that the French Canadians sympathized with the revolutionists in 1775, I do so purely as an historical duty, without a thought of reproach to

them on that ground. Why should there be a thought of reproach? If, as I believe, these revolutionists were engaged in a just struggle against the Mother Country, can I reproach the French Canadian for not showing loyalty toward a newly-acquired master? Could he be expected to show it in the face of the apprehensions to which the Quebec Act had given rise? No national aspect, indeed, as I have shown, entered into the matter at all, any more than any appreciation of or opinion concerning the merits of the quarrel between Great Britain and her colonies; the attitude of the ignorant and lethargic peasant was due wholly to the mismanagement of the Provincial and Imperial authorities.

Nor have my conclusions any necessary reference to the relative merits of French and English institutions. As an Anglo-Saxon I have naturally, perhaps, a strong predisposition to belief in the latter; but in insisting on the unwisdom of utterly disregarding all opportunities to anglicize the new province, I cannot be justly accused of showing deadly hatred to French conditions. To so accuse me is to transfer to that past age the ideas and conditions of this. Whether or no such an anglicizing could have been successful, or would have been advisable under the circumstances, is a question which must be divorced wholly from the question as to whether such anglicizing be or be not the ideal goal of humanity. We have to deal with a Canada which, for good or ill, had come definitely under Anglo-Saxon predominance, had been politically wholly separated from the fortunes of France and attached to those of her century-long rival. Apart altogether from any question of the relative merits of French and English civilization in general, or governmental methods in particular, it must be admitted that the first duty of English statesmen was to do what was possible, within the bounds of humanity, to assure strong Anglo-Saxon control, and political unity under that control, within the new possessions. From this point of view

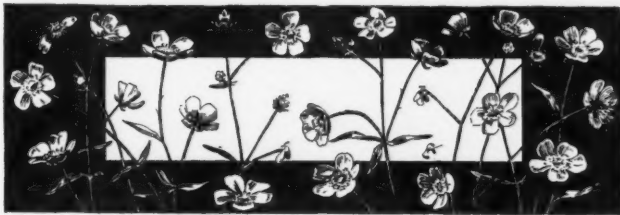
was the Quebec Act a statesmanlike measure? And if the issue should be evaded with the answer that the immediate conditions rendered this doubtful measure necessary, I can only refer to my proof to the contrary. The Act, I repeat, was as mistaken and disastrous from the standpoint of immediate conditions as from the standpoint of posterity. It greatly increased the difficulties with the other colonies; it hastened into active disloyalty a section of the English party in Quebec, and thus sent revolutionary demagogues of great influence amongst the French Canadians; as a base from which these demagogues and the agents of Congress could work, it caused the disaffection of the great mass of the French Canadian people. Canada was preserved to Great Britain at this crisis not through the Quebec Act, but in spite of it; preserved through the vigour and ability of Carleton, and through the mismanagement of their cause on the part of the invaders.

Since these stirring days the French Canadian people have more than once proved their right to the utmost consideration in the development of the commonwealth which has grown up around the old Province of Quebec. But it may still be permitted to an Anglo-Saxon, even while keenly alive to the

merits of both old and new France, to regret the course of events which has encouraged so persistent a clinging to a past which is not Anglo-Saxon, and so serious an incubus on the best development of modern Canada. He may surely express this regret without thereby necessarily branding himself as inveterately prejudiced against the French Canadian people. As a matter of fact, I am by no means rabidly Anglo-Saxon in my institutional ideas, as applied to other than Anglo-Saxons, and am not prepared to say that the anglicizing of the French Canadian would have tended to his greater individual or general well-being. But I do assert without fear of reasonable contradiction that if this anglicizing had been effected, the political prospects of Canada would be to-day brighter than they are. This basis must be conceded to me; I regard it as amply sufficient to justify every expression I have used.

In conclusion, I must repeat that this political controversy is not of my seeking. It has been forced upon me by a critic who has chosen to substitute for the calm and comparatively clear air of historical inquiry an atmosphere subject to the gusts and obscurities of political passion. It is a change not in the interests of truth; nor, I must add, in keeping with Dr. Bourinot's standing as an historical student.

Victor Coffin.





THE IMITATORS.

A Tale.

AT Ryckman's door lies the blame of the whole thing. He's too clever by half, and that's why he's always getting into trouble. A man of ordinary abilities would be passed over with indifference by the world, but Ryckman forces himself upon its notice in a manner not to be disregarded. Personally, I shouldn't have remarked anything very extraordinary about him, but then I am just one of the ordinary lot, and, as likely as not, haven't the perception to thank Providence that I have been born in the same era as Ryckman. I can't recognize the preciousness of his presence now as forcibly as I realize the boon of his absence; but, then, as I said, I am a fool and Ryckman is one of those rare beings who shoot comet-wise across the darkness of the nineteenth century.

Ryckman had the best chair in the room, and was taking up most of the fire. Montey sprawled on the divan, and Ginger sat on the rocker with his heels on the table; consequently, there was no place for me but the coal-box, and I shared that with the Cat.

I may remark that the room was mine, and the pipes were mine, and the glasses of—tea on the table were mine. There was a cork-screw, too, and that was mine. But you would have thought, on casually glancing in, that everything was Ryckman's. You know his sort! You take him to the theatre, and you find yourself thanking him for a pleasant evening. He

dines with you and manages the menu so as to give the impression that you are dining with him. I have seen a host at a card-party wring Ryckman's hand and go into the hall to look for his—the host's—hat! And I was present at the opera when Ryckman sat in a box talking to the Premier, and when the Premier rose to acknowledge a burst of patriotism, Ryckman rose too and bowed, and half the people in the house thought that Ryckman was the Premier, and that the Premier was someone Ryckman was being kind to, and they loved him for it!

"Now, an Imitative Club," began Ryckman, apostrophizing the Cat with one finger (whereupon the Cat snarled disdainfully). "An Imitative Club is one which will show up more of the sham and fraud of literature than fifteen Press Dinners. First, we must take modern minor poets and annihilate *them*. We'll study them and show everyone just what they really are—how there's a machine with two or three different samples, and how the different samples are turned out one after the other. We'll show how it's done and how easy it is to do it; in fact, we'll imitate minor poets out of existence."

"What for?" asked Montey guilelessly.

"Because," said Ryckman, who was beginning to enjoy himself, "there's too much rhyme in circulation. What we are looking for is truth in art.

When we expose the facility of modern rhyme, then rhyme will begin to dwindle to the possession of a few who are poets. The expression of the mind in verse is the right of a true poet only, and if every tuppenny-ha—"

I know it was the Cat that snored. I think some of the coal dust must have obstructed her Eustachian tube. (N.B.—I must speak to my landlady about the coal and suggest that in future the dust should be kept in the coal-box and the coal itself in a hair receiver on the wall.)

"Therefore," continued Ryckman, "I propose that we start a small club, that each member study one modern rhymester and produce an imitation close enough to expose the imbecility of the thing."

Ryckman talked to us for two hours more, and in our waking moments we drank in his propositions with avidity and tea. I am a poet myself; with composure I confess it. You may have noticed some of my little things under the simple *nom de guerre* of "Martha." I was not eaten with conceit about my works, but still I knew that not even Ryckman could class me with the rhymesters; I stood serene upon the pedestal of Art. I felt that I could not be grudged "the expression of my thoughts in verse." Perhaps, after all, Ryckman's idea was a good one. If a little kindly sarcasm could bring even one poet to see the error of his ways, why then the Imitative Club had not been formed in vain. I left the Cat on the coal-box at 11.30 and sat down by Montey on the divan. While Ryckman talked we slept on each other's shoulders and longed for dawn. When he did take his departure, Montey remarked sleepily:

"He thinks he knows more than enough about poetry. Wouldn't it be nice to trip him up!"

Neither Ginger nor I responded, but possibly there was a mind wave somewhere in the vicinity. Suddenly the Cat came over from the coal-box.

"Why don't you do it?" she said.

The Imitative Club met a week later,

but this time I stipulated that it should be in Ginger's rooms. I didn't want to be hospitable and to lie about the comfort of sitting on an inverted waste paper basket or a couple of volumes of Coke.

"Should we open with a part-song?" said Montey.

I thought it quite a picturesque idea, but Ryckman said:

"Oh, if you *want* to be a fool—!" in a nasty way, with the accent on the "want," which left you to imagine that Montey needn't be a fool if he *didn't* want to, which is an obvious mistake.

"Where's the big red cushion?" asked Montey.

"Oh, Ryckman's got it," said the host.

"I thought I saw a foot-stool somewhere," I remarked, looking at the ceiling.

"I think that's it under Ryckman's feet," said Ginger.

"Where did I put the ash-tray?" grumbled Montey. "It's the only one I've—Oh, you've got it Ryckman, all right old fellow."

"Did I or did I not hear you say you had some matches?" I ventured.

"I believe I've got the box, I'm writing against the back," said Ryckman. "I'll be finished in a minute."

Having thus attempted, quite unsuccessfully, of course, to render its President uncomfortable, the Club proceeded to the business in hand.

"Whom did you decide to annihilate, Montey?" I asked.

"Well, I'd thought of Shakespere, you know. We hear a sight too much about Shakespere these days, but the man's dead, and perhaps it wouldn't be gentlemanly to undermine the reputation Bacon made for him, so I took *Schulenheimgeschmerzigkeit*. You know him, Ryckman, of course?"

Ryckman nodded, rather hastily I thought, and Montey went on:

"I used to know him at Heidelberg. A well-meaning chap, but imitative to a degree. He's steeped in Heine—simply saturated."

"Well, I hadn't exactly intended

that the Club should embrace foreign subjects," said Ryckman, with a certain amount of diffidence, "but, of course——"

"Why confine the good work to a narrow sphere of usefulness?" cried Montey, with quite a burst of enthusiasm. "If the field of verse needs regenerating, why not drop the good seed broadcast?"

Why, indeed!" murmured Ginger, extracting the red cushion from Ryckman's chair as he leaned forward to strike a match on his boot.

"And so," continued Montey, "I have studied *Schulenheimgeschmerzigkeit* pretty closely and discovered the salient points of his imitative ness. If you will call to mind Heine's *Schmoozengeist* and *Schulenheimgeschmerzigkeit's* *Winkelboden* and mentally compare them with my own imitation, you will at once grasp the importance of the latter."

I own I was surprised at Montey. I didn't know German myself, and I didn't know Montey did; but these quiet fellows sometimes surprise one. Ryckman leaned back in his chair and, becoming aware of the absence of the red cushion, glared at Ginger, who muttered, "Call me at eight, Mary," and closed his eyes. Montey's imitation ran thus:

Du bist so susz, so wildig traumerei,
Das ich im Herz bin fallig schafferei,
Du Du im blau!
Kommst aus, komm hier und Schmerz ist al
tenbod
Gewisz mein Kind mein Schatzel Nesselrod,
So schon und trau!

Die Blumen singt, und als ist funf und vier
Das Fisch fliegt im den ganzen Rumpelmer
Du Du mein Tisch!
So durch dem Wald, durch Ewigkeit es
klingt;
Und jedem Esel in das Kirschen singt—
Du Himmelisch!

"It's short," said Montey, laying down the paper, "but I think you will agree with me that in the disposition of the personal pronoun and the allusion 'als ist funf und vier' I have caught the stereotyped sentimentalism by which Heine's imitators strive to

outstrip their matchless model. Eh, Ryckman?"

Ryckman placed his finger tips together.

"Would you mind repeating the fourth line of the last verse, Montey? There was something not quite smooth there."

"Krieglich so roth so tiefen unten-bod," said Montey. I did not remember having heard that particular line before, but it appeared to satisfy Ryckman, for he nodded judicially.

"Yes, yes, that's all right. I fancied the colouration, if I may apply the expression, was a little too massive."

"How do you think it compares with Heine's *Schmoozengeist*?" enquired Montey. "It's surprising to note the awful amount of ignorance that is still rife with regard to the *Schmoozengeist*. Anyone who has made any attempt whatever to study Heine must acknowledge that in the *Schmoozengeist* and in the *Schmoozengeist* alone are concentrated the four great fundamental principles on which Heine based his deeper and more comprehensive poems. I needn't go into those principles now. Professor Lassenbaum has discussed them pretty freely in his article, *Das Gegenuber von Heine*, in the last number of *Dem Lebervolle*, which, of course, you've read."

"A very fine article!" exclaimed Ryckman; "I think you have treated your subject exceptionally well. Suppose we hear what Ginger has to read us."

"But," persisted Montey, "how did the concluding clause of the article strike you? I fancied Lassenbaum got a little out of his depth."

"Distinctly so," replied Ryckman, uncomfortably.

"And then up to now Lassenbaum has been a nobody," grinned Montey, cheerfully, "It is quite possible we may never hear of him again."

"Nay, more than possible, it is probable," agreed Ryckman, pleasantly. "Now, Ginger."

"After hearing the last effusion," said Ginger (he had been asleep, mark you, for half-an-hour), "I scarcely like

to submit my own poor little attempt, thrown off after dinner last night."

"Whom did you take?" I asked.

"Kipling," said Ginger, modestly.

"I scarcely meant—" began Ryckman, but Ginger interposed.

"My dear fellow, we must get at the root of the matter. Kipling, as all men of letters agree, is all very well in the short story line, and in a sulphurous atmosphere, but where is he as a poet?" Ginger looked all round as if he expected Kipling to be floating somewhere in our vicinity. "What are his Barrack Room Ballads after all! Take any ordinary sentence, drop all the h's, use athletic language and short metre, and there you are! Take, for instance, the words, 'He's going down the street, and he is thirsty.' Nothing catchy in that. Well, Kipling would say:

'E's goin' down the street,

'E's goin' down the street,

'Is swaller's 'ot with the drought 'e's got,

'E's goin' down the street.—

—and there you have a chorus which makes the head nod and the feet keep time. This is a selection from one of my shorter poems. It is entitled 'Soldier 'arf a Soldier':

'It's before us an' be'ind us, and we cannot get away,

And 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge that wins the day,

An' the other 'ears an' mocks 'im, an' the boy goes orf to cry,

'E's 'oldin' on by the sergeant's sash, but, sentry, shut your eye;

And they rags 'im low an' cunnin', each dirty trick they can,

Till I 'eard the beggar squealin' out for quarter as 'e ran."

As Ginger read I became puzzled. The lines were strangely familiar, and yet I could not place them. Ryckman, too, was worried, so I waited to get my cue from him.

"Of course," he said, as usual illustrating a Gothic design with his fingers, "your imitation at first hearing makes no sense at all. I don't think it's as good as Montey's. Those lines are each and all of them impossible to Kipling. I don't like that line, 'E lifts 'em, etc.' Kipling doesn't repeat himself; he knows too many words, so we may strike that out. The rest is too

ordinary, and in an imitation you ought to have something about 'raging spindrift,' or 'bull-mouthed breakers,' and you haven't a single swear. But you'll do better next time."

"I fancied it was Kiplingesque," said Ginger, rather crestfallen.

At this juncture my Cat, who had wandered across the hall in search of company, rubbed herself against Ryckman's leg. I was so surprised at this that I could only conclude that the poor creature had made a mistake. It was too true. On looking up, the Cat discovered what she had done and bounded at least a foot into the air. An expression of disgust and apprehension overspread her features and she retired to a corner and proceeded to vigorously wash that part of her fur which had come in contact with Ryckman's trousers. I mention this little incident only to illustrate the fact that the general antipathy to Ryckman extended to even the lowest animals.

When I looked up Ginger was asleep again, and Ryckman was saying:

"Let's have yours, Smudge."

"I'm afraid you won't like mine," I said, "it's not much of an imitation. It's more of an Ode after Swinburne, sort of sentimental. You will forgive me if I suppress the name at the end of each verse."

"Oh, some girl, I suppose!" said Ryckman sneeringly.

"You bet there's a girl in it if old Smudge has anything to do with it," said Montey with his accustomed vulgarity, and Ginger murmured "Alice!" in his sleep.

"That's as it may be," said I with dignity; "if you want to hear you had better shut up."

I was pleased to see that the Cat, now recovered from her recent fright, prepared to listen, so I began.

It is called—"Tude Realiste!"

Like milky sea-shells whitely wrought—

Fair as the driven snow,

Cometh like angel's kiss the thought—

— — — — —

No flower that expands so free

Is half so fair—ah, no!

As gilds the day begun with thee—

— — — — —

No rose-bud yet in sweetest bower
Can rival thee, and so
Thou art the Goddess of the hour.

"Well," said Ginger, sitting up wide awake, "that's the softest, slushiest thing I ever heard!"

"We can't judge its merits without the last line," said Montey, whose curiosity is abnormal.

"Of course the girl's name must end in O," said Ryckman meditatively, "Piccolo—"

"That's not a girl, it's a banjo," interrupted Ginger, who thinks he knows all about everything.

"You needn't waste your time guessing," I remarked. "If you knew her you would grow sentimental too. She is so utterly unlike anyone I have ever seen—so sweet! She has a temper, too, I have seen her boiling, but oh—!"

"Oh, turn him off at the meter!" groaned Montey.

"I don't see much scope for criticism," remarked Ryckman.

"Oh well, go ahead with your imitation," I replied. "I'll explain when the others do," for I had my suspicions.

"I," said Ryckman pompously, "have taken as my model that insufferable idiot who has been masquerading in the magazines under the imbecile name of 'Martha!'"

I leaped in my chair. *I am Martha, you remember!* The mere audacity of a creature like Ryckman attempting to criticise *me* took my breath away.

"I came across a thing of his—of course it's a he—the other day, that began like this:

"The violets made small blue yawns at Spring!"

"Great Guns!" ejaculated Montey, "Whoever heard of a blue yawn? Is it any relation to a blue funk?"

"Why shouldn't there be a blue yawn?" I exclaimed angrily.

"Because a yawn is an abstract thing, you can't see it."

"If you can't see it, how do you gauge its size? You say 'a huge yawn,' or 'he yawned slightly.'"

"The size of a yawn, my dear fellow," said Ryckman, "is measured by its

effect on the muscles of the mouth. Besides, a violet hasn't a mouth."

"I suppose you'll allow that violets are styled 'blue-eyed,' by better men than any of us," I went on. "Well, why shouldn't a violet have a mouth as well as an eye? When you open your mouth the general effect of your yawn is red; therefore, allowing that a violet is as much justified in possessing one feature as another, suppose a violet had its mouth open as well as its eye, then the *motif*, if I may use the expression, of a violet's yawn would be blue. At least that's how I—that's how Martha must have reasoned."

"Well, well, let that go," said Ryckman hurriedly. "Here are a couple of lines by the same author that suggested my imitation:

Along a million future years.
I see the marks her steps have made.

The expression is so curious and the formation of the sentiment so ridiculous that—"

"Yes," said Ginger thoughtfully, "what a foot she must have had! A million years long!"

"So clever of her to make tracks in the future," put in Montey.

I writhed, but strove to keep cool.

"What the author obviously meant," I said, "was that the impression and influence of her foot—no—her life would be felt long after her death."

"There is another verse," began Ryckman, but goaded to desperation I sprang to my feet.

"Ryckman," I almost shouted, "if you haven't anything better to do than rush round trying to snatch the bread and butter from the mouths of struggling men, then all I can say is that you've missed your vocation and ought to have been either a waiter at Delmonico's or a member of Parliament."

"What in creation's taken the fellow!" exclaimed Ryckman.

"And I think," I continued rapidly, for I was fizzing like a gasogene, "that the formation of this club is one of the most conceited, balliest pieces of impertinence I ever heard of!"

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"I don't know a word of German. As for the Schmoozegeist and Professor Lassenbaun and the rest of it, I never heard of them, and no more did anyone else."

Ryckman passed from us most unostentatiously. I might say that nothing in the Imitative Club became him like the leaving of it. The Cat escorted him to the stairs. What he said to her I do not know, but she came back swearing in an entirely new vocabulary. Her fur was slightly singed. This she attributed to the sulphurous state of the atmosphere enveloping the hall and passages during the time of Ryckman's retreat.

Kathleen F. M. Sullivan.



"χαῖρε Ἑλλάς." (Hail Greece !)

BE strong, O Hellas ! once again
Thou grasp'st the glory of thy days gone by,
When 'gainst the myriads in a despot's train
Thy hundreds stood—to triumph or to die.

The blood of helpless women foully slain,
The dark, dead blood that unavenged doth lie,
(While helpless maids and children shriek in vain
To Europe's cold and guilty apathy).

This hath aroused thee from what seemed thy grave,
Once more the Greek of days gone by we see,
Who first to earth the glorious mottoes gave,
"To tyrants death—to patriots liberty !"

Let Europe cringe before Slavonic might,
Checked for a time by the last despot's hands ;
Thou hast set fire the torch that, once alight,
Will scorch the Moslem from all Christian lands.

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Reginald Gourlay.

BREAD AND BUTTER:

A Social Question from an Ethical Standpoint.

TAKING bread as the type of necessities and butter as that of luxuries, the world may be roughly divided into three classes: (1) those who struggle for bread; (2) those who struggle for bread and butter; (3) and those who without struggling are provided with bread and butter in superabundance. True, there are a few who may be classed with neither of these three divisions; they are the abstract units of the one vast multitude, who may be said to be the precocious buds or full-blown flowers of a civilization that is now slowly germinating. They are the thinkers, philosophers, idealists—dreamers and mystics, if you will—who, while in this world, are not of its gross constituency. They are “the salt of the earth,” by whom its stale and unwholesome properties are flavoured and the whole mass preserved from putrefaction. Of these no more need be here said; they are the law unto themselves, living as they do beyond the pale of conventionality and the relevancy of the following remarks.

1. The struggle for bread.

Those who struggle for bread let us sub-divide into (a) those who, by reason of mental and social status, are placed at a disadvantage; and (b) those who, while possessing the ability to rise by force and artifice above the common level, refrain from doing so.

Of the former it need only be stated that they strive for all they can get and succeed in getting but little, because the odds are against them. They, the sons of misfortune, rail against the fortunate, denouncing with all the rancour of an anarchist the means and methods by which the reputedly successful achieve their ends, yet entertaining no scruples against the adoption of similar tactics by themselves

should opportunity arise. Their clamour is but the outcry of unmitigated selfishness circumscribed by circumstances. We commiserate their lot, and, while we deprecate the conditions which contribute to their privation, we are forced to admit that the equilibrium of society would only be more seriously disturbed were the tables turned. We recognize the fact that those who thrive by their misfortunes are no less selfish; but the history of revolutions shows how wanton and utterly regardless of personal right and discriminative justice the uneducated and uncultured mob-unit may become under the relaxation of conditions which hold him in subservience until he has learned, through the salutary discipline of personal suffering, the indivisibility of social interests and the solidarity of the human race.

“The indivisibility of social interests and the solidarity of the human race” may sound in the ears of your political economist as the tinkling of rhetorical verbosity; but if he will go deep enough into the question, he may then acknowledge that this grandiloquent phrase is no mere euphonism, but a concise statement of the fundamental principle underlying every social problem. If the teachings of the world’s greatest and inspired reformers are to be credited—and their teachings and ethics, be it remembered, have outlived many variant theories of political economists—the motive of human action is not rightly one of necessity and expedience, but of ideal ethics, the ideal being the matrix of the real, for what a man aspires to that he will strive to become.

“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself; on this hang all the law and the prophets,” said Christ. Men do not this, hence our social troubles; but to the extent that they endeavour

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to conform to this ideal will they reform society by beginning each with himself. Our social interests are indivisible because every individual interest impinges (however remotely) on every other interest by the interaction of association. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to trace the effect of the theft of a dollar in New York until a certain native of Central Africa has been influenced by it; yet if we admit that by the addition of one drop of water the surface of an ocean may be displaced to an inappreciable extent, we cannot escape the conclusion that what affects one person affects all. A pebble is thrown into a pond, and we trace the vibration caused by the impact until the ripples on the surface of the water spread and diminish beyond the power of our observation; but who shall say when the effect has absolutely ceased? The African might die before the physical effect would have filtered through society to him; yet the thought which begot the deed may survive it and work further mischief through that same negro. The sum total of all the thoughts and actions of humanity is represented by the social, mental and spiritual status of the race. Every integral thing is what it is by reason of whatever has contributed to its composition. Every individual impulse, every fractional constituent, however insignificant, find expression in the characteristics of the whole; therefore every infinitesimal occurrence in human affairs combines to make man what he is, and every unit of the human family exercises an influence proportionate to his capability and opportunity upon all its parts. This granted, the solidarity of the human race must also be conceded.

To recognize the unity of interests and the inseparability of one from the all, and to endeavour to aspire, desire and act as for the all (in contradistinction to the individual as opposed to the all, which is now the attitude of men towards their fellows, with all the lamentable results comprised in that bugbear of politics "The Social Problem,") is to redeem the world by personal sacrifice

from all its maladies. This is the way—this is the only way by which unalloyed good may be accomplished. All other methods are mere expedients—makeshifts, which often do as much harm in other directions as good along the line intended.

Of those who are capable, yet refrain from rising by making stepping-stones of others, more may be said. The position they occupy is a most trying one, demanding firmness and principles which are to be maintained at whatever cost. Look not for these among the affluent, nor in the high places of the earth. They have chosen the better part and must abide by their choice. Men are gauged superficially by the amount of their bank account, their social or official position, or the efforts they make to attain prominence. The world has little respect for unostentatious merit. The man who cannot display a glittering something—gold, a name or distinction, is forthwith relegated to mediocrity. He has no particular ability—nothing to distinguish him from the vulgar mass, or he would show it, argues the world. Therefore the man of sterling worth and harmonious characteristics, *i.e.*, of an evenly-balanced development, must be content to go through life known only to a few and misunderstood and misappraised by the many. If the philosophy of this class does not reconcile them to a lack of fortune, they are of all men most miserable. Too far advanced to spend "their strength for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not," they, in this case, crave that which can be had only by a compromise with their principles. They would be in "comfortable circumstances," or they would have recognition without incurring the inevitable discomfort through which they must attain unto their desires. They see the golden apples on the farther side of a bog, by which they will not defile themselves in crossing. And so, while they cannot get the apples, they cry out distractedly against those who risk all to gather them. The lesson for them to learn is to forego,

without repining, that which is not worth the effort to obtain.

2. *The struggle for bread and butter.*

The intensity of the struggle is with this class. Not content with enough for sustenance, they reach out for all the world has to offer, whether of wealth, distinction, position, power or pleasure. Waste follows on acquisition, and surfeit frustrates satisfaction. These are the chasers of butterflies by day, and the *ignis fatuus* by night. No repose, no peace for them, for they seek abroad what may be found only within themselves. Vainglory! empty externals! "All vanity and vexation of spirit." No inward cheer; all outward ferment. "What shall we eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed? What shall we do, and how may we do it to please Mrs. Grundy? Make unto us a golden calf, that we may bow down and worship it, for the monotony of a quiet life is depressing. All our desires are from within outward; we cannot abide within ourselves for lack of company and amusement. Provide for our divertisement, we pray thee, O Phantom of Pleasure, lest we die of inertia, and to thee will we render as a meet sacrifice, our whole selves, body, mind and soul!" This is the burden of their plaint, and for the things they covet what will they not endure—what strenuous effort will they not put forth? Pride goeth before them and their footsteps mark the strides of desolation in the earth. They cannot be happy themselves, and they must needs spread misery around them. "'The earth is the Lord's,' but the fulness thereof shall be ours," say they, and this they seek to attest by the presumption with which they proceed to appropriate the fulness of things.

There is enough for all if things were equally distributed. This is none the less true because we know if there were an equal distribution of the world's wealth and goods to-day, there would be again inequality before to-morrow. It is right that each should have enough, and no more. None should want, and

none would want if each were content with enough. Nature is a bounteous provider; the fault lies not with her, but with man himself. His selfishness it is which is at the root of every rank and noxious weed that chokes the good seed of righteousness. Selfishness must be torn out of the heart of man, root and branch, before he can manifest those qualities of mind and heart which shall make of him a citizen of Utopia, whose law is comprised in the one statute of The Golden Rule.

These statements may be called platitudes, but they are nevertheless true. To quote human nature as never to be expected to become more than theoretically altruistic, is to set a limit to human progress and reduce the preaching of every idealist, from Christ down, to the vapidity of a visionary. Pessimism fills many a suicide's grave, while Optimism prophesies and anticipates the good time coming. Faith fulfils, while Doubt sits idly brooding over her despair. Faith is essential to accomplishment; no man attempts anything successfully without it. Faith perseveres and will not be thwarted; and perseverance is the training whereby capability is developed and ultimate attainment is ensured. Therefore, if we believe that selfishness may be eradicated we shall strive to that end, and however slow the process, it will be gradually eliminated. If there is one need in the Christian Church to-day it is that of a straightforward, if not literal, interpretation of the teachings of Christ and their practical application to the affairs of life. If He had not recognized in man the potentiality of His own divinity, he would never have advocated what, until man begins to realize his own god-like possibilities, will remain more or less impracticable. The pessimist likes to shake his head and murmur: "Ah, yes; beautiful teachings; but human nature—human nature!" as though it were an immutable something which never can be any better than it is to-day. If men were taught from childhood up that selfishness does not pay; that selfishness, altruism and brother-

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ly love reproduce their kind and re-act beneficently upon all who practice these virtues; that every man is to himself a centre of the universe, from which must emanate the characteristics which that universe will reflect back to him; that good and ill, so far as he is concerned, affect him according to his attitude and relativity to them; and if less were said about ambition and "getting on in the world," and more about one's usefulness to the world and duty towards one's neighbour, with no regard to the promotion of personal gain save as a concomitant of justice and right for all, himself included, the world would not be far wrong, and the social problem would be difficult to find with Diogenes' lantern. "Yes, *if*," rejoins the pessimist ironically, with the self-congratulation of one who has scored a point.

The world is what we make it, and we make it what we desire, however much we deny the imputation. We make the world selfish by our desire to minister to our personal selfishness. Each sets the pace for the next to follow, and the follower is ever at our heels, hounding us down as we hound others. Do you doubt it? Observe for yourself; study our competitive system—there is the indubitable proof.

Bread, I have said, is typical of necessities, and butter of luxuries or superfluities. Bread is cheap, bread is plentiful. Only the laggard and the dullard lack it, and they because they lack the will to obtain it. These are the charge of the more fortunate. They may not be ignored with impunity; they cannot be oppressed without being educated in the art of oppression. The conditions of life must include the possibilities of all, or there is a tyranny of power or intellect and a serfdom of the incapable. Whosoever shall thwart the efforts for bread of the needy or unfortunate, with him shall the law of compensation have a sure reckoning. Be just, therefore, and fear not.

But how can we have fair conditions when individual selfishness is the one qualification most cultivated? Who shall be just unto others who has not

yet learned that selfishness is the greatest possible sin against the self, repressing as it does every noble attribute of the inner man, smothering the pre-eminently god-like sentiment of compassion, and dwarfing the expanding soul into the petty personality of I-and-Mine? Selfishness defeats its own ends, and the world knoweth it not.

Butter (in its metaphorical sense) is dear; butter is hard to get—so hard, indeed, that men will withhold the bread from another that they may put more butter on their own. Nay, they will barter for the superfluities of life their own manhood, probity, truth, honour—character itself. They will forego brotherly love, sympathy, happiness—all that makes life really worth the living, that they may strut across the stage, and speak their little piece, and make their little bow to the plaudits of the throng, only to be forgotten as soon as succeeded by others in the same scene of the comedy of existence. And the spectators in the gallery howl their admiration or hiss their spite, as the fancy moves them, wishing only to exchange places with the bespangled hero. And the respectable citizen in the balcony, and Sir Somebody in the dress circle, and my lord in the boxes bandy their jests and sarcasms, their comments or their polite compliments, and thus the actors and the spectators, by mutual consent, keep the play going and defer the *denouement* as long as possible, for the excitement—mere excitement—it affords.

Is it not absurd that the soul of man should be circumscribed in its manifestations by such inane frivolities, that are at best only a pastime compared with the opportunities for real usefulness?

3. *Bread and butter for nothing.*

Those who have come into such an inheritance are said to have been born with a silver spoon in their mouths. Well, and what of it? Are they happier for that? Not if they waste their opportunities for increased usefulness as they squander their patrimony. Pro-

digality and extravagance entail satiety and lethargy, which is a moribund state. Man dwarfs himself by living for his own personality; he cannot appreciate the thoughts and aspirations of others, because he would rather be a manikin than a man whose sympathies and experience are broadly developed.

True refinement and culture come of such opportunities improved. The inherent qualities of a gentleman are not found in him who is morbidly selfish and self-assertive; if he is not gentle, he cannot be a gentleman. A nobleman is rightly one who is noble, kind, generous, considerate and magnanimous. The man of opulence is healthier and most contented when he is frugal with himself and benevolent to others; when he recognizes that his riches are a trust fund, for the wise administration of which he will be held accountable to God and man. He did not produce his riches; everybody contributed to his wealth. How dare he, then, squander them lavishly and wholly upon himself? How dare he use them as a power against society? Why should he buy for himself a place wherein to pose as an example for others no less culpable? If he is a friend to nature, then nature will befriend in the evil hour; but if he renders himself to the emulation of flippant fools, who know not what they do, then his riches are but a millstone about his neck, which he will inadvertently reduce in weight by reckless expenditure, from which he will derive no satisfaction and no other good than that which comes of being released from a burden. He will probably sink by degrees into that state where a salutary experience will teach him the folly of his past life and the means of reparation. Happy, then, is he if he be driven inward from the sensuous world into the sanctuary of his own heart, for therein only will he find surcease of his trouble.

Temporal things are all but means to an end. To the fools they are playthings with which to while away time; to the sage they are the tools with which

he works out his destiny. If they fail in their purpose, nature will not be frustrated; she will again and again make fresh attempts, first undoing the results of failure. The immediate end is but a point of time—one of the innumerable stages in the experience of the soul. The wise man profits by everything. Fortune and misfortune are alike necessary and conducive to mental and spiritual unfoldment. He sees a lesson in every occurrence and learns what he can by the way, lest he may have to retrace his steps to recover a lost opportunity.

The folly of life consists in wrong ideals, which are but inverted glimpses of the beyond. The wisdom of life is in the proper understanding of one's destiny and the deliberate taking of direct steps toward the goal. We are going forward even when we appear to be going backward, for the right way is whither experience may lead. We are prone to stray from the direct road—the straight and narrow path—and experience is ever waiting to bring us back to the cross-roads where the finger-post was ignored.

The ideal is something real not yet materialized. As an intention precedes the act and becomes an actual fact as soon as it is realized in that act, so an ideal exists as a metaphysical entity until it finds expression as an objective fact in its consummation. He who lives in the ideal forfeits because he cannot enjoy much of what the world calls real; but he finds his real in the future, which is to him the very present, for past, present and future are glimpses from different standpoints of the now. Hence time is not; it only appears to be. Now is ever the nave of the wheel of eternity. Time is but the registration of sequences of consciousness. We rehearse the occurrences of a year in a dream; what one may take a lifetime to do another may accomplish in a day. Rapidity of action is altogether a question of capacity, and capacity of consciousness is the measure of a man or a god. Thus one may live a century or a millennium forward or backward of his contemporaries, and each may be right

to himself. Therefore concepts right or wrong is farther larged conounces his own until by the mass dition o and the tion are and a r in. Wh —and it fied—w and good practical be demo day am

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to himself and wrong to another. Therefore, right and wrong are relative concepts of consciousness. What is right or normal to the average person is wrong to the idealist, for the latter is farther advanced and so has an enlarged conception of the truth. He denounces the current wrong and extols his own larger appreciation of the right until by degrees his ideal is realized by the mass. As soon as a current condition of social affairs becomes effete and the general conception and aspiration are for a better, it becomes wrong and a new order of things is ushered in. When selfishness has had its day—and it is becoming perceptibly modified—we may look for peace on earth and good-will among men. Then the practicability of Christ's teachings will be demonstrated and the idealist of today amply vindicated.

To recognize whether one ought to be going and to walk boldly forward so long as conscience demands no turning, that is right. But conscience is ever looking ahead, anticipating by-paths and pitfalls, and we heed not her monitions. We follow a path that seems at first parallel to our line of progress, and we do not discover the mistake until much time and effort have been wasted. If conscience were silent, there is no blame; if she spoke and we despised her voice, that were wrong.

In whichever of the three states we may be in, let us not live for the things we covet; let us seek liberation from them. Let not the greater prostrate itself before the lesser, to do worship unto an idol of clay. Let us live like reasonable men, unmoved and unscathed by the fluctuations of circumstance, believing that whatsoever happens is right and for the best. We should not be elated by good fortune nor upset (mark the verb) by misfortune, but preserve our equanimity as those who appraise money and position at their true value, and who have also the fortitude to endure the amputation of the right hand that offends them. He who is bound hand and foot to that which makes of him a slave, is surely ignorant of the dignity of true manhood

when he shrinks from being liberated; and the man who is crazed by the sudden loss of possessions has yet to learn that the child is superior to its toys. We are so apt to become welded to things of extrinsic value that to be vindicated in the eyes of God these things must be torn from us, so that we may be free to turn from the transitory to the things of eternal import. Clothing is indispensable to comfort; but he who cannot dissociate himself from his clothes is a fop—a mild monomaniac, not having sense enough to discriminate between the use and abuse of a necessity. Yet the man who cannot separate himself from one or a few adjuncts to his environment is in much the same predicament; he has yet to realize that money, or property, or reputation exists for the man, and not the man for these. Folly and ambition make a sorry team; let us not yoke them together and drive headlong to destruction.

Every possible phase of experience and all manner of conditions are necessary to the growth of mind and the expansion of consciousness. Poverty and riches are indispensable to our present economy, or they would not exist. Is it by chance that one is born poor and another rich; that one is born to drudge as a hewer of wood and drawer of water, another to interpret the oracles of Isis? Is it not true that chance is found nowhere in our universe; that things happen as they do for an adequate cause; and that everyone is in the right place to find the conditions essential to his growth and development? This being so, it is not the fault of Providence if men are too dull to learn the lessons their individual experience is intended to convey. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Presuming a man has meted out to him his just deserts, that which is appointed unto him to undergo is both right and soul-saving, and he who is wise in his generation will benefit by the administration of the law. If he be not encumbered by the responsibilities of riches, that is good: he is well rid of a great temptation. Should he be en-

trusted with wealth, power or influence, let him see to it that he is a faithful steward, prepared to render a commendable account of his stewardship.

The millennium of peace and concord will never come until men are ready for it. It is no definite time, but a particular state of human development. Everything exists in potentiality that has been or ever will be ; it is for us to evoke it into activity, whether of good or evil. Our deeds and aspirations are the moulds from which are cast the characteristics of the age to which we belong. If we would reform the world,

let each begin with himself. He who cannot save himself is not yet able to be a saviour of mankind.

The gist of the true philosophy of life is to live for those things which are really worth living and striving for. He is a deluded creature who is infatuated with the glitter and glamour of false ideals ; and those are false ideals which lead men away from righteousness against the promptings of their better natures, to seek in "the deceitfulness of riches" and the superfluities of sensuous existence the abiding comfort they cannot impart.

William T. James.



IN TEMPTATION.

NO sables for the true soul which doth keep
 Its year round Lent and body's chastity ;
 No tears for single eyes which ever see
 Their constant duty though the path be steep ;
 Nor yet this wilful head of mine be deep
 O'er strewn with ashes of formality.
 For larger proof unbound these feet shall be,
 Each step to try, nor fettered way may creep.

No life but hath its slips, and sin assoils
 Each soul that thrills, and dreads, and owns its power ;
 Though morning skies be bright or tempest lower,
 Still round our straying feet the Tempter toils.
 O Master of the Wilderness, whose foils
 Were proof 'gainst sin, establish me each hour !

Reuben Butchart.



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CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE NINTH VOLUME.

THE ninth volume of the Canadian Magazine commences with this issue, and the prospects for its continued and greater success were never brighter. To-day the Magazine stands for everything that is Canadian in the life, literature and art of the people among whom it circulates. Its failings and weaknesses in the performance of its work have been excused, it is hoped, by the honesty and integrity of its attempt. The circumstances under which this work had to be done have limited very materially the resources of the workmen, and as a consequence much that might have been expected has not been realized. Nevertheless, the support and sympathy of a generous and appreciative public have made the success of the Canadian Magazine much greater than even the most sanguine friend of its earlier days had ever anticipated, and made its history the one bright spot in the annals of Canadian literary ventures.

This issue is somewhat different from previous issues, the size being now the same as that of the leading New York magazines, an advantage which will be appreciated by those who bind their volumes. The paper is also of a higher grade than that hitherto used, and has been made by Canadian mills especially for the use of this publication. Some special arrangements recently entered into enable the editor to freely express the hope that the con-

tents will be found of increasing value as the months go by, partial announcements of forthcoming articles being made elsewhere.

GREECE AND TURKEY.

The London (Eng.) *Daily News* recently explained the European concert as follows: "It used sometimes to be asked tauntingly why Broad Churchmen like Dean Stanley did not leave the Church of England. The answer was that they preferred to leaven it from inside. This is what the Broad or Liberal countries have to do within the concert of Europe. . . . Great Britain, in working through a concert, loses a certain amount of free choice, but the alternative is impotence or war, and within the concert there is plenty of room for the influence of Great Britain to be exerted and to be felt in the right direction."

Whether or not the Mistress of the Seas shall be forced to abandon her hope of influencing, through the concert, the history of Europe in the direction of peace and righteousness does not appear at the moment of writing to be fully settled. Turkey has declared war against Greece, and the former country seems to be backed up by Germany and Russia—by Germany, because the Kaiser hates both Great Britain and Greece; by Russia, because when Turkey falls to pieces the large-sized pieces must rest in the paws of

HIS "DUTY."

(A Cartoon by S. Hunter.)



MR. LAURIER (soliloquising): Why should I not have the mills and the wealth instead of my unfriendly neighbor, who robs me of my raw material and leaves me almost nothing but stumps and idle men? My duty seems to lie in the direction of an EXPORT DUTY.

NOTE: \$38,680,000 a year are said to be paid out to labor in the pulp mills of the United States. The raw material is being mostly supplied by Canada at a terrible sacrifice. \$20,860,000 worth of nickel has been taken by Americans out of the Sudbury district in the past seven years. This is all refined in the United States.

the Bear. A few days or weeks must explain everything, but no person doubts Great Britain's coming out of the struggle with her honour untarnished and her fame unsullied. Her statesmen may make slight errors, but they never go far wrong. They may refuse to make themselves anarchists at every breath of public opinion, but the soul of the people is their soul, the aim of the nation is their aim, and at the end the people must be triumphant.

That Great Britain has fought hard for peace is at present no disgrace to her. The Christians of Crete are as

barbarous as the Mohammedans of the same island, and to sacrifice the lives of thousands of the world's best citizens for the sake of a few of the world's least valuable inhabitants would be indeed unwise. For Great Britain to declare war would mean that in thousands of British homes there would soon be sorrow and weeping and lamentation for those who had gone never to return; and what British statesman, knowing this as they all do, could declare war except under the greatest pressure? Lord Salisbury stands side by side with Great Britain's Queen-Woman guarding the forefront of an on-marching civilization which the vile dogs of war must not be allowed to touch.

Moreover, Great Britain's interests are wide as the world. In Egypt she is quietly regaining lost ground; in South Africa she is unifying an empire which may yet be the centre of the world's power and wealth; in India she is fighting the spectre hand of Famine; in many other quarters of the globe she is extending her empire or binding closer that which she already rules. All these interests must be considered together, and no sentimental screeching of impulsive newspapers or worn-out politicians will deter those at the helm from guiding the Ship of State into the smoothest channel. Should they make a mistake and do what they should not do, or do what they should do too late, then they may be judged, and if condemned their sentence will be severe.

In the meantime every Canadian will hope that plucky little Greece will "find a way or make it," that the Assassin of Europe may be placed in a strait-jacket which will prevent all future Armenian and Cretan horrors, and that the reign of Liberty and

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Brotherhood may be still further extended in its beneficent sway.

GREAT BRITAIN AND SOUTH AFRICA.

President Kruger has brought the Supreme Court of the Transvaal to its knees. Ever since he outwitted Cecil Rhodes and the great power that was behind that particular Britisher, President Kruger has felt that no one knows more than he, that no one has any right to dictate to him, and that his little military republic is able to withstand any assaults which may be made upon it. His arrogance and presumption have been displayed in various ways, notably by the demand of an enormous indemnity from Great Britain for losses due to Dr. Jamieson's raid, and in his action in making the Supreme Court subject to his executive direction. That his course of conduct is displeasing to the Government of Great Britain is to be expected, and that his policy and his acts are also decidedly objectionable is amply proven by the conduct of the Colonial Secretary during the present session of the British Parliament and during the investigation by the South African Committee. Some persons have gone so far as to declare that Mr. Chamberlain is trying to pick a quarrel with the Boer chief, so that he may have an excuse to wipe out the disgrace of Dr. Jamieson's raid and the indemnity which President Kruger claims.

A new Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa has been appointed, and was tendered a public banquet (March 29th) before his departure to his new post. Sir Alfred Milner, this new appointee, goes to

MAKING HIMSELF AT HOME.

(A Cartoon by S. Hunter.)



SUNNY WAYS WILFRID, who has taken possession of the House: Where did I git me bang up lay-out? Why, from de old 'Cabinet' dere."

South Africa with chances which few Colonial Governors have ever had. He is to firmly rivet British power in that part of the world—by peace if he can, by war if he must. But at all events he must avoid a second Majuba Hill, and this is his opportunity—the opportunity of doing something which others have attempted and in which they have failed. The *London Standard* says: "We have now in the new Governor a statesman who can be trusted to combine the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* as much as is necessary, and will give no avoidable provocation to the sensitive

patriotism of the Boers. If, after all, they turn a deaf ear to our counsels, and persist in demanding what they may think, perhaps, we are unable to refuse, they must take the consequences, and it would be mistaken kindness in us to leave them under any misapprehension on this point." This quotation may be taken as indicating the new Governor's instructions, and if he can bring President Kruger and Mr. Hofmeyr to see things as the British Government see them he will have saved Great Britain the necessity of conquering a country in which the British flag has more than once been dishonoured.

HOME RULE.

Irish Home Rule, financial or political, will not be acquiesced in by the present Conservative Government of Great Britain, said the Chancellor of the Exchequer the other day. For a long time Ireland has complained that the Act of Union has stripped her of her character as a nation, sapped her energies, and given the working-out of her destinies to another. To these complaints she has recently added another, to the effect that through the various schemes of taxation Great Britain has been taking from her more than a fair share. An attempt has been made to prove this; but without success. The Government declares the case to be "not proven," and that, while anything that can be done in reason will be done for the development of Irish resources, the integrity of the United Kingdom will not be gambled away.

These recent events have been especially interesting to Canadians, because of the prominent part taken in the debate on this financial question by the Hon. Edward Blake. Taken all together, the reports show—his motion was negatived by a vote of 317 to 157—that the ex-Canadian statesman has undertaken a work which will tax to the uttermost even his wonderful abilities, and that so far he has not been very successful, although he has been

highly complimented in some quarters for his discernment and his eloquence.

AUSTRALIAN CONFEDERATION.

Mr. G. H. Reid, Premier of New South Wales, is the chief promoter of Australian Federation, and if he can carry the scheme to a successful issue he will occupy a position among colonial statesmen equal to that won by the late Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, whose name must always be prominent among those who succeeded in uniting the scattered provinces in British North America. Mr. Reid desires an Australian Confederation because, "whilst in the beginning of our powers we have to lean to some extent on the power of England, I look forward to the time when these communities, after having attained their majority and manhood, will be able to defend themselves;" because "the time must come when the resources that Australia possesses will enable her to take a leading place amongst the nations of the world, and that can only be done by Australians closing their ranks, and by tearing down the barriers that divide them, and creating all Australia for the Australians;" and because there have been too much animosity and too much bad rivalry among the colonies as they now exist. The probability is that a basis of confederation will be agreed upon this year.

On the first of July, 1897, the Dominion of Canada will celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the day when her confederation came into force, thirty years of slow but steady progress, of killing sectional feelings and producing a national sentiment, of working out a form of government to which there is no equal on the face of the globe, of laying the foundations of a nation which shall be prosperous, progressive and righteous. Canada speaks across the steamer-spanned Pacific and bids the Australian colonies go and do likewise, having all confidence that the step will never be regretted. As an

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elder sister she sends the record of her experience, hoping and trusting that this may help the younger one to avoid some of the pitfalls which lie along the pathway to harmonious and constitutional government.



MILITARY TRAINING IN UNIVERSITIES.

Every university or college in Canada should have a military organization in the shape of a cadet, rifle or infantry company, and yet, so far as the writer is aware, no such organization exists in connection with any of these institutions. From 1860 to 1892 there was at the University of Toronto an organization known as the "University Rifles." It consisted, during most of the time, of one company which was attached to the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, and was at all times a creditable organization. Over one hundred and fifty of the present officers of the Canadian militia were at one time members of this organization, and several of its once privates are now lieutenant-colonels in the service. This company served in the "Fenian Raid" of 1866, and about twenty of its members were with the Queen's Own during the Northwest Campaign of 1885. Twelve or thirteen of the present officers of the Queen's Own are graduates of this company. It was disbanded in 1892 because of the lack of interest in it displayed by the undergraduates and the faculty.

A movement is now on foot to re-introduce a military organization in this institution, and an exceedingly strong and representative committee of ex-members and graduates has the matter in hand. It is to be hoped that other universities will follow this example and create an organization which will afford the students an opportunity of learning the elements of military life.

University companies would be valuable to the militia generally, because the young men who attend these institutions come from the best families, and are, when they become business or professional men, the most likely men to become officers in the rural and city battalions. The history of the "University Rifles" of Toronto proves this, if indeed it were not self-evident; what the militia of Canada needs most to-day—what any militia needs most—is good officers, and university graduates make as good, if not better, officers than any other class of men. They are quick to learn new drill, are capable of understanding the broad principles which underlie all branches of the service, are necessarily possessed of executive ability and are by their training and experience capable of becoming good commanders.

From the point of view of benefit to the student, these organizations must be strongly approved of by all university men. All arguments which may be advanced in favour of outdoor sports and of indoor gymnasium training may also be used in support of military training. Moreover, it extends the student's vocabulary and store of knowledge along lines which cannot be found in any other study or sport. It teaches him neatness, erectness of carriage, obedience to authority, self-reliance and the value of combination. The idea of discipline which he acquires from such training must be immensely valuable to him in his later life-struggle. He receives also an idea of the possible sterner duties and responsibilities of the citizen, and a broader idea of the nature of the State authority. His patriotism and his loyalty are stimulated, and his manhood still further expanded. Finally, in connection with such organizations, there is always a social training which means valuable development if properly directed.

John A. Cooper.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS



THE SNOWFLAKE.

AMONG the latest additions to Canadian poetry is the volume published at Christmas by John Lovell and Sons, under the title of "The Snowflake and Other Poems." This neatly printed book of some 150 pages represents the poetical writings of Mr. Arthur Weir during the interval of six years since the publication of "The Romance of Sir Richard."

The poem from which the collection is named is familiar to many Canadian readers, inasmuch as it formed one of the leading features of the Christmas number of the Montreal *Star*, a few years since. "The Dedictory Ode," as it is termed, read by the author at the unveiling of the monument to Sir John A. Macdonald, is also well known, and received the endorsement of that fine critic, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. We quote the first ten lines, which are sufficient for our purpose:

Here, in the solemn shadow of these walls,
Wherein his voice long held the land in sway;
Here, where the cadence of the distant falls
Seems a lament for grandeur passed away.
We, who have reaped where he had sown,
Now bring

To him this thanksgiving,
This tribute to the unforgotten great,
That, for all time, men may revere his name
And children learn the secret of true fame,
True greatness emulate.

These dedicatory lines are followed by some truly noble verse on the late Sir John Thompson, entitled "Entering Port":

Hark to the solemn gun, the tolling bell!
What ship is this, which dark as night or death
Is entering port upon the sullen swell,
While an expectant nation holds its breath?

Here by his tomb may Canada forget
The bigotry that he had fain undone.

In death he knit the Empire closer yet,
Causing unnumbered hearts to throb as one,

With his Queen's wreath upon his pulseless breast,
Lulled by the murmur of the restless wave,
Life's voyage done, he takes his well-earned rest
In port, with God beyond the grave.

With the exception of these two poems, the "Masque of the Year," and the ballad on "Maisonneuve," we believe the remainder of the verse appears for the first time in print in this volume.

At page 101, the poet sings:

Who reads a poet's rhyme
To find the poet there
Might equally essay to climb
To castles in the air.

He pens the mournfullest of lays
To win the world's applause.

Friend, think not by the poet's rhymes,
The poet's heart to know.

Here we agree to differ with Mr. Weir, since it appears to us that in some of the best poetry we possess, the heart of the poet is undoubtedly laid bare; that be-

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hind a veil of words the distinct personality of the man is revealed, thinking and feeling in his own way,

"To win the world's applause."

We cannot believe that a true poet would indulge in pretty lies "to win the world's applause." Surely these lines are not applicable to the author of "In Memoriam"!

Some charming thoughts are found in a poem on "Music," which is, however, too long to quote in full:

But music, like the nightingale
That sweetly sings in woodland brakes,
When hope, and trust, and virtue fail,
Man's nobler nature wakes.

Only in music doth man find
An echo of the dreams of youth,
When youth saw gods among mankind,
In woman only truth.

In "Cupid's Disguises" the music of the poet is less happy. Perhaps the exigency of rhyme is in a measure to blame:

Sometimes he's in the dancing
Of mirth in azure eyes
Sometimes in the curve entrancing
Of lips that part in sighs.

And sometimes in the glimmer
Of arm, rich lace beneath,

Sometimes in the tresses' shimmer.
Sometimes in the *peep of teeth*.

For none is a match for Cupid.
He swifter is than thought.
The keenest wit is stupid
When he begins to plot.

On page 55, there is a poem entitled "Pegasus":

If you find Pegasus a steed
Scornful of your control,
Who canter well enough, indeed,
But will not curacole.
So much the better, poet mine,
'Tis bottom wins the race,

Let poetasters prance, in fine
Keep you the steady pace.

Be yours the poem that can stand
From trappings wholly free,
Each thought a Phryne to be scanned
In fearless nudity.

But why Phryne at all? And, even so, who can say that Phryne would not look more bewitching draped, if the drapery were only delicate enough! The didactic purpose of this poem does not appear to be clear. Perhaps it is with the author as with the poet who sings:

And I—whereof I sing, I know,
Though vainly, since all language fails,
Nor homage renders, nor unveils
The picture that I fain would show.

These apparent defects, however, may be termed accidents. For the most part the poet is natural in his utterance and sings sweetly and simply. "At the Tryst," "Flowers and Ferns," "When a Maiden's Heart is Tender," the "Pool of Sant Oline," are pleasing examples as well as many of the shorter pieces. Our survey of Mr. Weir's book has been incomplete and inadequate, but perhaps we have said sufficient to indicate that there is in it much that will appeal to the lovers of poetry. Mr. Weir's reputation as a poet is enhanced by the publication of this book.

Arthur G. Doughty.



HILDA STRAFFORD.

The author of "Ships That Pass In the Night" is now living in California, and her latest story, "Hilda Strafford,"* has the scenery of that peculiar district as its background. Hilda Lester had been engaged to Robert Strafford when they were both residents of Old London, and this relation was continued after Robert

*Hilda Strafford, by Beatrice Harraden, with illustrations by Eric Pape, Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.; cloth, \$1.25.



BEATRICE HARRADEN.

burst and turned his pretty ranch into one of the waste spots of the earth, neither of them could stagger under the load of disappointment. Even the cheery voice and hearty manner of Ben Overleigh, Robert's chum and neighbour, could not assist them over this rough piece of life's road.

The story is an exceedingly pretty one, though written, as are the author's other works, in a minor key. The descriptions are magnificent, the dialogue clever, and the humour and the pathos in excellent contrast. There is a freshness and reality about the whole tale which intensifies the opinion that Beatrice Harraden is an individuality in herself, not as so many of our present writers are, a mere copyist and imitator. She has a strong appreciation of both nature and humanity and realizes the possibilities and limitations of both.



A VOLUME OF LETTERS.

"A Young Scholar's Letters" is the title of a volume which has pleased me much, because it combines the interests of a book of travel and of a work on philosophy. It contains a series of letters written when their author was passing from nineteen to twenty-three, during four years of studious life at Heidelberg, Berlin, Munich, Vienna and Athens. The author of the letters was Byron Caldwell Smith, a young American of great promise, who afterwards became instructor of Greek in the University of Kansas, and later an editor of the *Philadelphia Press*. At the age of twenty-eight he passed away.

To attempt to describe what these European letters to his parents contain is out of the question. They include comment on every subject of human thought, and describe all the leading places and objects of interest in the towns in which he lived. Speaking of university training for women, he remarks: "But I sympathize thoroughly with the aimers of these efforts, so far as they aim at an independent, intellectual culture for women. We may think what we choose of people's capacity, but we have no right to limit their opportunities. To my

* A Young Scholar's Letters, being a Memoir of Byron Caldwell Smith, edited by D. O. Kellogg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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mind intellect and culture make a goddess of a woman, who with only the other advantages of person and character must be insipid and vulgar." And this was written in 1869!

Writing of Dr. Bastian, the great anthropologist, of Berlin, he says: "His plan and ideas are stupendous. He has undertaken to revolutionize the science of psychology, carry it out of the region of dreams and subjective experience, and make it empirical. Accurate and comparative observation of the genesis of ideas in the primitive races of men, as they are still to be found on the earth, and of the relation of sensibility and the feelings to the understanding in the process of growth, is the means by which he hopes to arrive at an insight into the real nature of our intelligence."

Writing at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, he says of Bismarck: "An unconcealed despiser of popular measures and men, his youth was one wild scene of debauchery, and his manhood knows but one object, *power*. He neither respects human rights nor loves his fellow-men." These and other remarks throw light on the school in which the present Kaiser was trained.

But quotations can give no idea of the range and value of these letters. They cover every subject of which men were thinking at that time, are full of bright sayings and stimulating thoughts. They show, moreover, that letter-writing was an art with some people even as late as 1870, and one longs for the days of its revival. The editor of the volume is D. O. Kellogg.



A VOLUME OF POEMS.

"Morning Songs in the Night" is the title of a volume of poems by Walter A. Ratcliffe,* a blind Canadian. It opens with an able introduction by William Douw Lighthall, who, with more fairness than we are accustomed to in introductions, prepares the reader for a collection of poems which "in clear intelligence and plain good taste take excellent rank." The poet apparently appreciates nature which at present he cannot see; but his great plea is for the toiler. To him life is a great battlefield, and he cries out:

O, Prince of Peace! Cut short this wasting strife,
Call order from this chaos by Thy will;
Bid right be might, command that love be life,
Lord, o'er this tented field speak "Peace be still."

He does not take the usual poet's view of Canada even, for he thinks so fair a country should be free from want and from evil.

Love thee? Ay, love thee and mourn
That the crown of thy glory is dross.
Tinsel, and bunting and smoke
Are not of greatness the pledge.
When thy sons and thy daughters are free,
Free from the thralldom of gold,

Free from the wars of their creeds,
Free from the terror of want,
Free in the freedom of Love,
Honesty, Honour and Truth,
Then shalt thou truly be great,
O, Land of the Maple and Fir!

Some of his poems are plain imitations, *e.g.*, "There's a Bright Day Coming"; others are exceedingly mediocre and weak in style and execution. All, however, seem to have some enthusiasm, and most of them are based on themes of which the author has thought a great deal. The idealism of life and conduct which the poems set forth is practical and generous, and based, essentially, on the doctrine of the brotherhood of man.

Oft a brother goes down in the way he has trod,
And we bid him arise as we deal him a blow;
We see his defeat, but the foes that he fought
We never can know—no, we never can know.

* Toronto: William Briggs: cloth, large octavo, 151 pp.

Of the hopes that are thwarted, the fears that assail,
Of the yearnings that cry from the blackness of woe,
Of the struggle unaided, the strife all alone,
How little we know—yes, or seek we to know.

The volume is not wholly an ideal one, but it possesses much merit.



GILBERT PARKER'S NEW BOOK.

"The Pomp of the Lavilletes," by Gilbert Parker, is an exceedingly strong story. It deals with an old seigneurial family who are, at the beginning of the present century, trying to regain a lost prestige and wealth. Young Lavillette is one of the leaders of the Papineau rebellion and has some exciting experiences, and is finally assisted to escape by a friend who, though having once wronged him, now gives his life to save him. The book is not so pretentious as "The Seats of the Mighty," but is nevertheless a very pretty and characteristic tale. Besides, any story with scenes laid in the Province of Quebec must possess a great deal of the picturesque and the romantic.

A *Mail and Empire* (Toronto) reviewer of this book says: "It will be acknowledged ere long that the history of colonial days, especially in Quebec, has an unexplored wealth of romantic material," etc. When did the "colonial days" end, I wonder? That Canadian history is full of romance was acknowledged long before Parker wrote a line, so why say "it will be acknowledged ere long"? Further on the reviewer grows enthusiastic over the book and prophecies: "It augurs the dawn of a new era of Canadian literature." What rot! The Toronto newspapers ought to be ashamed of their book reviews. As compared with those which appear in the Montreal dailies, they are but school-boy compositions; and as compared with what they ought to be, they are disgraceful. These papers have competent journalists on their staff who could do this work well, but it is apparently left to the amateurs, and as a consequence the people of Ontario are buying trashy books that are not worth reading. Any author who has a copy of his book to spare and knows personally some member of "the staff" may have his book, no matter what its merit, reviewed in splendid and gorgeous style, and if the book be printed (not published, we don't publish books in Canada), by some advertiser then it will be sure to receive several columns of fulsome flattery. If the Toronto papers would maintain in their book reviews the standard which obtains in their editorials and leading articles we might expect an intellectual regeneration in the near future.



GENERAL.

"The Great K. & A. Train Robbery" has attracted a great deal of attention in the States. It is by Paul Leicester, author of "The Honourable Peter Sterling."

The Copp, Clark Co. will shortly publish a volume of short stories by Frank R. Stockton, whose name is well-known to magazine readers. I have seen proofs of the illustrations and they are indeed magnificent. The volume will be entitled, "The Story Teller's Pack."

The same firm will shortly publish "A Short History of the Union Jack," by William Henry Holmes, of Truro, N.S. As a Canadian book this, I venture to say, will be somewhat of a surprise both in its contents and its appearance. It will contain a chronological list of the important British victories, with notes on the principal battles from Sluys to Tel-el-Kebir. Especial attention is given to the land and naval engagements of the war of 1812.

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